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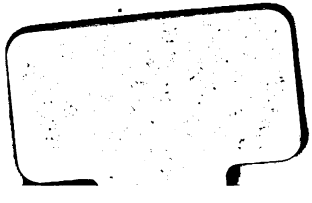

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yours Lovingly
L. S. Bartlett

MRS. BARTLETT AND HER CLASS

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF
MRS. LAVINIA STRICKLAND BARTLETT.

BY HER SON,
EDWARD H. BARTLETT.

With Preface by
C. H. SPURGEON.

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TO

THE MEMBERS OF THE LATE

MRS. LAVINIA STRICKLAND BARTLETT'S

CLASS

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

UNDER THE PASTORATE

OF

MR. C. H. SPURGEON

(MANY OF WHOM WERE HER SPIRITUAL CHILDREN),

THIS MEMOIR

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

BY HER BEREAVED SON,

E. H. BARTLETT.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is the memoir of a loving mother by her loving son. I have not yet read it for myself, but I feel quite safe in writing a few lines of preface, because even the partiality of a son cannot too highly extol such a woman as Mrs. Bartlett. She was a choice gift from God to the Church at the Tabernacle, and the influence of her life was far-reaching, stimulating many others besides those who by her means were actually led to the Saviour. Now that she is gone from us we miss her sadly; but her work has not gone: her spiritual children are with us still; they have stood the test of years, and the most searching test of all, namely, the loss of her motherly counsel and

inspiring words. She did not build with wood, hay, and stubble, for the edifice remains. Let God be glorified therein. From one point of view there is no need of any memorial of her, for she is immortalised in hundreds of warm and grateful hearts; but, nevertheless, this is the cause why some sort of memoir has become needful, since love pines for some little outward token of remembrance, some few lines of record of the dear departed. I am glad therefore to contribute my line to the headstone which my worthy friend Mr. Edward H. Bartlett has, by this brief biography, placed over the remains of her who was not only his mother, but also "a mother in Israel."

Mrs. Bartlett was a woman of intense *force of character*. She believed with all her heart, and therefore acted with decision and power. Hence she did not constantly look to the pastor for help in her appointed service, but, beginning in a small and quiet way, toiled on till everything grew around her to large proportions. She

made small account of difficulty or discouragement, but trusted in God and went on as calmly sure of success as if she saw it with her eyes. When anything flagged she only seemed to throw out more energy, waited upon God with more fervency, and pushed forward with the resolve to conquer. Deborah herself could not have been more perfectly God-reliant than she was. She did not beat the air or run at an uncertainty; but such expressions as: "I know God will help us. It must be done. It shall be done. Sisters you will do it!"—were just the sort of speeches that we expected of her. She flamed in determined earnestness at times when only fire could clear a path, and then there was no withstanding her, as her class very well knew.

To her resolute will God had added, by His grace, an *untiring perseverance*. On and on and on, year by year she went, at the same duty, and in the same way. New plans of usefulness for the class were opened up by her as she saw them possible and prudent, but the former things were

never dropped for fresh ideas, and novel methods were not devised to the superseding of the well-tried plans. Her talk was of "the old, old story," and never of new-fangled doctrines, or imaginary attainments. She kept to the cross, extolled her Saviour, pleaded with sinners to believe, and stirred up saints to holy living. Of her theme she never tired, nor would she allow others to tire. She looked as if it was treason to grow cold; her glance indicated that to be indifferent about the Redeemer's kingdom was a shameful crime. From first to last of her long leadership of her class, she appeared to be almost equally energetic and intense. The class was not always in the same condition, there were occasional ups and downs, but there did not seem to be any with her, her passion for souls was equally vehement and her efforts were equally laborious. How many has the pastor seen whose pace was that of a racehorse at the first, and that of a snail before long; but she kept the even tenor of her way, neither hurried by excite-

ment nor impeded by lukewarmness. In looking back upon the many years of my profitable intercourse with her, I feel that I know not which most to admire—her ardour or her constancy. Perseverance is a precious work of the Holy Spirit—"patient continuance in well doing" is the scriptural name for it, and a very suggestive name it is. She had that excellence to a very high degree.

It had pleased God to make our departed sister a *practical woman*. She was no dreamer of dreams, but a steady, plodding worker. We have been waited upon by persons of calculating and inventive genius who have arranged and put upon paper most elaborate schemes by which unheard-of results would be produced. We have seen at once that the arrangements would never work, and have, we fear, grieved the inventors by pointing out the loose screw or the lacking wheel. Mrs. Bartlett never wasted two minutes of her pastor's time with marvellous methods and miraculous plans; she instinctively saw what

could be done and what should be done, and she did it, looking to Heaven for the blessing. Her class has raised large sums for the college, and has done actual service in more ways than we have space to tell, for she trained her disciples into a band of labourers, and kept them all at it to the utmost of their abilities. Her addresses were always practical, never speculative or merely entertaining. She aimed at soul-winning every time she met the class, and that in the most direct and personal manner. In pursuing this object she was very downright, and treated things in a matter-of-fact style. The follies, weaknesses, and temptations of the sex were dealt with very pointedly; and the griefs, trials, and sins of her class were on her heart, and she spoke of them as real burdens. Her talk with her class never degenerated into story-telling, or quotations of poetry, or the exhibition of singularities of doctrine; but she aimed straight at her hearers' hearts in the name of the Lord, and claimed their submission to Jesus and His love.

She was troubled if at any time the brethren whom she invited to address her young women wandered from the one great subject, or treated it in a flowery or cold-hearted style. Nothing suited her but the gospel preached in a gospel spirit, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. No Plymouth Brotherism, or Perfectionism, or Latitudinarianism, or any other *ism*, ever beguiled her; she had asked the Lord to give her the young women's souls, she expected Him to do so; and she went up in the name of the Lord to win them, and she did win them, as our Church-meetings continually proved. Of course there were persons who wanted something else—more profound instruction, more discussion of the deep things of God and so on—but she knew her own *forte* too well to leave it, and she saw too evidently the blessed result of her own peculiar work to be diverted from it even to that which she knew to be valuable, but which she did not feel called to undertake. She saw her own line of things and wisely kept to it, doing all kinds

of Christian work in subordination to her main endeavour, but never allowing anything to cast the winning of souls into the shade. She could truly say, "This one thing I do"—not this one thing I talk about, plan, arrange, and leave undone. It were well if many others would follow her example. Of day-dreamers we have more than enough; we need a large accession of common-sense workers.

Our esteemed sister had also the grace to keep the unity of the spirit in her connection with the Church: *she worked in harmony with the Christian community of which she was a member.* We have heard of Sunday-schools becoming rather rivals of the Church than organisations labouring for its interests, and we have seen classes and societies clashing with Church government; and great is the evil which comes of such a state of things. There was no fear of this in Mrs. Bartlett's case; she was the devoted fellow-helper of the pastor, and regarded her class and its surroundings as perhaps the most important part

of the Church; but certainly as a part of it, never to be looked at from any other point of view. She worked with, not apart from or against, the general labour of the Church; and hence her success was the gain of the Church in the happiest sense. Free-lances are all very well, but for a campaign disciplined soldiers are worth ten to one of them. Those who know how to keep rank are among the best of Israel's warriors, and this "good soldier of Christ" knew that art to perfection. Efforts outside of all regular organisations are much in vogue, and there are many persons so self-willed and crotchety that probably their only workable position is by themselves; but such was not our departed sister.

The Lord had wrought upon the heart of our friend very graciously and given her *an affectionate, motherly heart.* Love was the secret of her power. Tears flowed from many eyes when she pleaded, because her soul was stirred within her. At times the pathos of her addresses

was overwhelming, and her private conversations with individuals were quite sure to win their hearts to herself, even if they did not yield to the Lord Jesus; they could *see* her love, and it was not possible for them quite to escape its power. Who indeed can altogether resist a pleading woman when she entreats even to tears? Her concern for the welfare of those entrusted to her was great and abiding. Before they professed faith in Jesus she would pray for them, and pray with them; and after conversion she watched over them as a mother over her babe, and trembled lest by any means they should be turned aside by the error of the wicked. At all hours she was accessible to her class, and they ran to her with all their troubles, never finding her unable or unwilling to sympathise with them. Her death has been a terrible bereavement to many a young believer; it has been a great loss to all her attached friends, but most of all to those poor women who needed just such a guide and counsellor and friend; she was their con-

fidante, their sympathiser—in a word, their Christian mother. It will be long before they look upon her like again; longer still before they would feel the same trustfulness even in one who should be her facsimile, could such a phenomenon be looked for.

Amid all her abounding labours, Mrs. Bartlett was the subject of frequent pain and constant weakness. She had the energy of vigorous health, and yet was almost always an invalid. It cost her great effort to appear before her class on many occasions, but then she would often succeed best, as she pleaded with them "as a dying woman" to be reconciled to God. "Out of weakness were made strong," was her continual experience; in fact, much of her power lay in her weakness, for the observation of her pains and feebleness operated upon the sympathetic hearts of her young friends, and made them the more highly appreciate the counsels which cost her so much effort and self-denial. They knew that for her work's sake she had sacrificed a

business which had maintained her in comfort, and that she spent almost every hour of the day in seeking their good; and they saw and heard her pleading with them even to tears;—how could they do otherwise than love and esteem her. Her departure was as the death of a mother to many, and her grave is a hallowed spot. The loss to us is gain to her; the battle is fought and the victory is won for ever. No longer do we hear her pathetic voice, but she is gone where there is no more need of pathos. She has met many of her spiritual children above, and others are on the road to the "sweet meeting-place." We are thankful for the loan we had of such a woman; thankful that she was not sooner removed, as sometimes we feared she would have been; thankful that she has left a son to perpetuate her work; and thankful, most of all, that there is such a work to be perpetuated.

May the Lord inspire many Christian women with the high ambition to be useful, direct them in the right way, and give them success therein.

For such there is great need. As we have not many "fathers" so have we but few mothers in Israel. Talents are not always consecrated; there is not always common-sense to select a sphere; there is frequently a lack of courage and perseverance in carrying out service;—are there not some holy women in whom all may be found which would enable them to emulate the honourable life-work of Mrs. Bartlett?

C. H. SPURGEON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

A LONG life of labour for the Master. These words describe the career of Mrs. Bartlett; and we could have been content that they should be her written memorial, were it not that some details of her labours among young and old may prove useful as a stimulus and encouragement to other earnest Christian workers.

Lavinia Strickland Hartnell (for that was the maiden name of the subject of this memoir) was born in the village of Preston-Andover, Hants, on the 27th November, 1806. She was the daughter

of parents whose memory she cherished with the deepest affection. Her grandparents moved in the middle walk of life, and her father appears to have received an education which fitted him for mercantile pursuits. These were followed in his youth and early manhood in foreign parts, principally in North America; and there is reason to believe that during his residence abroad his career was one of extreme gaiety, if not of dissipation.

On his return to his native land, after many years of absence, a circumstance occurred which we mention here, inasmuch as it is the first record of the existence in any member of the family of anything approaching to evangelical religion.

The first sound that met his ear as he re-entered the home of his childhood was that of prayer, proceeding from an upper room which was occupied by a younger brother.

This state of things was new to him, and he inquired what it meant. His mother informed

him that his brother Samuel had "gone on very well," as she termed it, for years, and had grown up to be a fine young man, highly respected by all the town folk until lately, when he had taken into his head to unite himself with those "horrid people, the Dissenters." Nothing would do but to give up his business and become a Methodist parson; and, moreover, he had actually gone so far as to place himself under training for that purpose! "He now," she added, "keeps principally to his own room, where he receives nobody but a number of young men, whom he is pleased to call his 'dissenting brethren.'" Mrs. Hartnell further insinuated that he had managed to be "saying his prayers just then because he knew his brother was coming home that evening."

The *re-union* of the brothers has been thus described to us.

The returned traveller entered the "room of prayer," attired in the rough hunting costume of the country whence he had come, accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog which he had brought

from its native region. Utterly disgusted at the (to him) degraded attitude in which he found his brother, namely, on his knees, and the disgrace, as he considered it, which was being brought upon the family of the Hartnells, he, in a paroxysm of mortification, urged the dog to attack his brother. The dog not only refused to obey, but howled hideously. Sam, however, continued to pray; the dog continued to howl; and George cursed and swore, till at length his anger gave way, and he began to weep. The younger man immediately arose from his knees; and the two embraced in a new and undying brotherhood; at the sight of which the dog barked triumphantly. In this strange manner did true religion first find its way into the family of the beloved subject of this memoir.

George Hartnell now resolved to abandon his foreign connections and to seek a situation in his native land, which he soon found in the Civil Service. He married shortly afterwards, and in course of time became the father of seven

children, of whom Mrs. Bartlett was the third. He did not, however, immediately leave the pale of the Church of England, nor was he ever a Church member amongst the Dissenters, although he attended their ministry as a devout hearer for several years, even up to the time of his death.

The families on both sides were what are usually called respectable, well-to-do, church-going, good-living country people of the middle class. There is no record that, either at the time of her birth, or during the early part of her childhood, any member of the family had made a public profession of the Christian character, except her uncle, the before-mentioned "dissenting parson," whom she saw only once in her life. She was, however, brought up under the sound of gospel truth at the Nonconformist chapel of the small country town where she lived, and it was here that the existence in her heart of some good thing towards the Lord of hosts first made itself apparent.

Her only surviving brother says : "I am quite unable to fix any approximate date when the 'light of life' first showed its dawnings in her mind ; but this I can safely say, that I am equally unable to recollect a time when that light did not shine. In short, I have no recollection of the time when she did not pray herself and teach her brothers and sisters to pray also."

When but a little girl the domestic task of conducting to bed the juniors of the family, consisting of two younger brothers and a sister, was imposed upon her. She did this, it appears, "in a very staid and motherly way." Her brother well remembers how, when the hour arrived, she used to say, "Now, children, to bed," with the affectionate tone and authority of a loving elder sister, and how she was immediately obeyed, and the three ran upstairs, slipped out of their clothes, and tumbled into bed; then commenced what they at the time and for years afterwards called "Vine's preaching." She usually had an

old book before her, and by the light of a tallow candle or mayhap a rush-light, read or repeated hymns such as those commencing—

"How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky."

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

Or,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

When the children were nearly "sung to sleep," she would say to her brother, "George, would you like to pray?" His answer was generally "Yes," thinking it would be naughty to say "No." This brother says: "I have not the slightest recollection of her ever having given us anything in the shape of a form of prayer. She told us that God gave all good things, and this she KNEW because she had asked Him, and He had given them to her; that we had only to ask in the name of Jesus and He was sure to give them. Then she would kneel by the side of an old trunk, which was a favourite article of furniture because father had told us that he had, when abroad, shot the animal with whose skin

it was covered. The prayer she offered was, 'O God, make me a good girl, and make all these children good and happy, now and for ever, through our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.'"

The sister's prayerful spirit influenced her little brother for good, and he very early learned to exercise faith in prayer. His first prayer we must give, although it is connected with the trivial matters of childhood. He had arrived at that age when the greatest of all events in the history of a boy, at any rate an English boy, takes place, and when he does, if at any time in his life, feel that he belongs to the *genus homo*,—the period when he slips out of his frock into his jacket and trousers, and changes from a toddling, tumbling child to a strutting youth, standing up straight with his hands in his pockets, aping the man.

He had gone about from neighbour to neighbour, showing off his new habiliments, and receiving congratulations not unaccompanied by pence; when all at once, he cannot say how or why, his new finery became separated from his jacket.

He had been duly warned of the probability of such a catastrophe, and duly impressed with the idea that it would be disgraceful, silly, and childish to be unable without assistance to put them to right again if anything of the sort happened. He had succeeded by great exertion in making all right with the exception of one obstinate button, which, notwithstanding all he could do, would not go into the hole. This was a real, a terrible, an overwhelming trouble to him. He was ashamed of himself; he was ashamed to see his companions; he was ashamed to see his mother or his father. Utterly abashed and undone, he could only go creeping and crawling to his *very little* sister, who laughed at him and said she did not know anything about boys' clothes. He suggested my mother's assistance. The little one's reply was, "She can't help you, she will only tell you to pray." A grand light broke in upon his mind. But still he wandered and slunk about the house for some time, avoiding everybody likely to laugh at him, till he found

a room empty of everything human, everything mocking, everything false and vain, and there, in that lonely room, in the gloom of evening and in a silence disturbed by nothing but the faithful ticking of the old family clock, he for the first time in his life stood face to face with his Maker, crying, "O God, help me button up my trousers, through our Saviour Jesus Christ." He twisted his thumb and finger once more with Almighty-given power, and all his trouble and mortification and shame instantly vanished.

His trouble thus gone, he hastened to make known his success to her who had taught him to pray. His sister wept.

Lavinia had not yet made any public profession of piety, and it was not till long after that she attracted any considerable notice except amongst her younger brothers and sisters and her playmates, all of whom of course regarded her as a distinguished character. By some derisively, and by others in earnest, she was called "the preaching, praying girl."

Her growing piety and her increasing knowledge in the things of God soon made themselves apparent to her elders; and she did not long escape the notice of the Rev. J. Harsant, under whose public teaching her light had so soon begun to shine for the benefit of those around her.

She commenced Christian work as a Sunday-school teacher at an unusually early age, and was rapidly promoted from class to class, till she was at length appointed teacher of the senior class in the school, in which many of her scholars were older than herself. She was no longer a mere teacher of the A B C, but in her new position manifested qualities which testified to her being not only a preaching, praying girl, but the "preaching, praying teacher;" and such was her influence that her class in like manner came to be distinguished as the "preaching, praying class." She taught not merely the letter which killeth, but her whole soul was eaten up with zeal to diffuse that spirit which maketh alive. Many souls were

born again, and even before she had become a member of a Christian church she had sent many of her young disciples to pave the golden way for her own entrance.

CHAPTER II.

ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES AND HOW MET.

MR. HARTNELL'S death, which took place before Lavinia had attained her fifteenth year, greatly altered the circumstances of the family. For some years, in consequence of an attack of paralysis, he had been superannuated; but at his death the pension ceased.

Undaunted by the trying circumstances in which she was now placed, and to help her widowed mother, Lavinia sought to establish a school for the instruction of girls in the ordinary branches of education. The effort was successful, and the

the whole town mourned his loss; the death of no resident squire, however good or benevolent, could have produced such a truly heartfelt sensation. What was to be done? Who was to take his place as the man of prayer? were difficult problems which could only be solved by the great hearer of prayer Himself. None but Lavinia Hartnell, the young schoolmistress; she was by universal acclamation and circumstances pointed out as "Patten Wade's" successor, and the "praying girl" now took the place of the "man of prayer." With characteristic courage and trust in God she cheerfully assumed the position to which she had been called, and buckled to her new work.

This was no trifling curacy. It was not to visit dying children, dying ladies, dying gentlemen, or dying Christians—but dying harlots, poachers, burglars, prizefighters, and the lowest of the low, in localities of the worst description, at all hours of the day and night. But she never flinched, never wavered, never failed. She

was seldom accompanied by a heroine of her own sex, but frequently by her brother, and sometimes by the doctor or lawyer, or both.

In labours Miss Hartnell was most abundant. As already stated, she had a large school of young ladies to superintend during the week, and her class on the Sabbath day; in addition to which there was her share of domestic duties, and above all her sick visitations, which sometimes occupied night and day. As there were no railways, no tram-cars, no omnibuses in those days, Miss Hartnell could only now and then get a ride in a donkey-cart, or a butcher's cart, or a farmer's tumbrel. Her work was carried on under many disadvantages and in the face of many difficulties. She walked scores of miles over bad country roads and across ploughed fields, in all varieties of weather, pushing her way through brambles and furze, and over flinty paths. No country curate ever worked so hard, or traversed so many miles even with sturdy cob and cosy trap to boot.

If, however, she had her difficulties there were also encouragements and incentives to a patient continuance in well-doing. One of the first instances of usefulness was that of a professional horsebreaker, the father of one of her Sunday scholars. His circumstances were considerably above those of the lower orders of society, but like a large number of them, he was inveterately opposed to religion. His great boast was that he had been to church but twice in his life —"when his mother took him to be christened," and "when his *wife took him* to be married."

This man was on his dying bed, and had most determinedly refused the visits of the clergyman of the parish, literally ordering him out of the house. The Nonconformist minister in like manner was barely admitted to his room, but soon was compelled to retire in consequence of the man's desperate character. There was at this time residing in the lower part of the house a friend of this man (a butcher by trade) who, although not pretending to be religious, neverthe-

less seemed to have some feeling of concern in reference to what his friend's future state might be. Having learned from his wife of the ill success of the two ministers of religion, he suggested: "Why not send for Lavinia Hartnell? He knows her, and perhaps will see *her*." The "praying girl" was summoned to his bedside. The remainder of the story may be told in the words of my uncle, who wrote me the following letter on the subject:—

"Being a boy of only twelve years of age, I became alarmed when I heard that your mother was going to visit the terrible horsebreaker, thinking it possible that the man in a paroxysm of dying rage might hurl something at her or commit some other act of violence. I therefore accompanied her, as I thought for protection. I well remember entering his room. Your mother walked first; the man's little daughter (one of your mother's Sunday-school class) by her side; the man's wife and myself behind. Your mother approached the man's bedside with what seemed to me a peculiarly majestic step; but uttered not a word till she had stooped and impressed a kiss on the dying man's ferocious brow. The man could not speak—I could not speak—nobody could speak but the 'praying girl.' She did not read or say a word to the man, but

poured out her soul in a short and simple appeal to the love of Christ which dropped from her lips into the ear of Almighty Grace. I suddenly heard some slight sounds as of sobbing; raised my head, and beheld the horsebreaker —the desperate infidel—the man who had never been to church—bathed in a flood of tears and praying. The scene was overpowering. I immediately left the room, followed by the wife and the child, and found the big butcher waiting in breathless anxiety at the bottom of the stairs. 'Well,' said he at length, 'how does he take it?' 'He is praying,' groaned the woman, as well as her power of utterance would allow. 'Did not I tell you that that little angel would get at his heart; God be praised, he is saved at the last moment.' I need not add that the wife wept, that the child wept, that I wept, and least of all need I add that the big butcher wept. The man lived but a short time afterwards to pray and weep; and who shall say that he is not now joining in everlasting hosannas with the malefactor who, as the first fruits of redemption, ascended with his Lord from Calvary to Paradise."

About this time she was further encouraged by an instance of a blessing attending her labours in the Sabbath-school when she was only about twelve or thirteen years of age, which was brought to light in the following lines addressed to her as a teacher.

" *Whitsuntide*, 1825.

" My dear Miss Hartnell,—

" If I may hope that I have felt
The love of God, my heart to melt,
To you I trace it as the means,
And thank you for your care and pains.
But to Another yet I'd look,
Who my salvation undertook,
And came to suffer, bleed and die
For such a worthless wretch as I.
When first I came to school to you,
I was both young and thoughtless too;
I fear'd no hell, I sought no heaven,
To sinful pleasure wholly given.
I had impressions, it is true,
But they were transient as the dew.
With what my conscience said was right,
I used to trifle and to fight;
But when I heard what you did say,
And saw your conduct every day,
Then I began to be afraid,
And to my heavenly Father prayed.
But then I cannot really say
That I did love religion's way;
Still pleasure from the world I sought,
And sought again, but found it not;
Still all was sorrow and vexation,
And nothing met my expectation,

Until I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'
"Your loving scholar,
"MARY HALT."

Mary Halt was at this time an attendant at the Independent Chapel, Chalfont St. Giles, and Miss Hartnell was a member of the Independent Church at Beaconsfield, Bucks, under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Harsant; but, having by conviction adopted Baptist views as to believers' baptism, she, with her young convert, Mary Halt, sought communion with the Church worshipping at Gold Hill, Bucks, and both were baptized by the Rev. David Ives on the 26th October, 1828.

A letter written to Miss Hartnell in the early part of the following year indicated that she had experienced some changes, and had been for a while removed from the scene of Christian labour, which had caused her much trouble and anxiety of soul; under these circumstances Miss Halt endeavoured to console her with some of the precious promises of the gospel.

"*March* 8, 1829.

"BELOVED FRIEND,—I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to you, to let you know that although you are absent in person yet you are present in mind. I hope you are as well, through mercy, as this leaves me at the present. I was at your mother's on Saturday last, and am sorry to hear that you are not comfortable. I hope, my dear, you will make yourself as comfortable as you can. Remember, time is short; it will not be long before we shall be called to leave this world of sorrow and trial; and then, if we are permitted to enter that blessed abode where there is no more sorrow, methinks how short and insignificant will all our trials appear. I know you are well aware we must expect to meet with disappointments and separations from friends here.

'Yes, we must part while here below,
The dearest friends must part, we know;
Yet let us still our God adore,
We soon shall meet to part no more.'

But I suppose you are denied many spiritual privileges; and I know this is a great grief to your mind; and yet I think there is some consolation even in this; for you know our heavenly Father doth not look at our actions or words, but at the heart; so that it is much better to have the will and not the power, than to have the power and not the will. Our God has promised not only to bring us into the fire of trials, but to bring us through. He sits as a refiner and purifier at the head

of the fire so that nothing shall befall us but what will be for our good and for His glory.

"But I suppose you would like to know how we are going on at Gold Hill. There has nothing very material taken place since you were there; but I hope there is some good going on. The place is well attended, and some I think to be under religious impressions. Mr. I—— is in tolerable good health, and he continues to attend the prayer-meetings on Monday evenings. I hope to see you before long, and then I shall have many things to say to you; but I must close this imperfect scribble by wishing you every consolation the Scriptures can afford, and by desiring an interest in your prayers.

"Believe me your most loving and affectionate friend,

"MARY."

Mary was her bosom friend in all her spiritual and temporal trials; and my mother always spoke of her with feelings of the deepest love and affection. No doubt the nearness of feeling which existed between them was strengthened by the fact that they both laboured for the Lord for the ingathering of souls. The tie was also cemented by Mary being one of her first-fruits and only two years her junior. But this tie was soon to be snapped by the cold hand of

death. In the latter end of 1830, after having been married for only three months to the Rev. David Ives, Mary sweetly fell asleep in Jesus at the early age of twenty-two years.

At this time Lavinia Hartnell was in a very bad state of health'; but the Lord saw fit to take the one and leave the other to struggle with the ups and downs of life, and eventually to become a brave warrior in the Lord's battles against sin and Satan. The one ceased in her youth to point perishing sinners to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, while the other was spared to a good old age to lead thousands to the feet of Jesus. We seem now to hear the reunited ones crying from the battlements of heaven :

" Our dearest friends, we cannot now disclose
What in eternity our spirits know ;
On earth religion was our greatest care,
The noblest, grandest, best employment there ;
It sweetened life. * * *
In life we *thought*, in death we *felt* it true,
And now commend its sacred truths to you.
Oft have we wished your careless souls to save ;
Oh, hear the solemn warning from the grave."

For some years Miss Hartnell had very successfully carried on her young ladies' seminary and boarding-school, which was specially noted for a class of fancy needlework which she taught called "Satin Stitch." The thought one day suggested itself that this needlework might be turned to some profit—the idea was cherished, and at length she resolved to try the experiment. This determination, with her characteristic energy, she prepared at once to carry into effect. In a very short time, a set of beautiful needlework in the form of infants' caps was produced, and Miss Hartnell took the coach for London.

This was no small undertaking for a young country girl with no idea of London life; but she was equal to the occasion. Nevertheless, unexpected difficulties presented themselves. Arrived in Holborn, and wishing to get into the heart of the City, she hailed the first omnibus she saw. After riding for some time, she found herself at the West End—a circumstance which not only confused, but annoyed her very much.

But there was a providence in this. She had made her journey to London a matter of prayer that her heavenly Father would direct her steps; and she realised the fact that He sometimes leads us round, but always leads us right. Having changed omnibuses, and entered one for the City, she sat opposite an elderly gentleman who, noticing her confused appearance, entered into conversation with her. After a while, he inquired whither she was going, and where she wished to get out.

"I want to get into the vicinity of the City warehouses," was her reply.

"I am on my way to the City," said he, "and if I can be of any service to you I shall be most happy to render it."

"God's hand is in this," she thought, and at the same time lifted up her heart in silent prayer to her heavenly Father that He would direct her aright.

At first, she hesitated to accept his offer, he being a perfect stranger, and she a country girl

without any friend near but God. At length, however, she gained confidence, being somehow sure that she might trust to his guidance.

Alighting from the omnibus, they walked and talked together. It was a beautiful day, and the sun shone out in all his majesty. As the old gentleman looked to the bright blue sky the tears trickled down his cheeks. "Beyond that bright blue sky," said he, "I have dear children safe from all the cares, trials, and perplexities of this wicked world." This remark touched a chord in Miss Hartnell's breast, and she asked, "And do you love Jesus?" to which he could not reply for some seconds. Eventually he said that it was his desire to do so. She embraced the opportunity to preach Christ to him, and by God's grace it was not long before her kind guide was led into the way of peace and was rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

Here was a young girl intent upon business, but at the same time fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. How many act otherwise, and

"Lose
Ten thousand precious moments,
In vain words and vainer fears."

Feeling a greater interest in his young charge than when they first met, the aged man offered to introduce her to a friend of his who was in a large way of business in St. Paul's Churchyard. The offer was accepted, and the result was, that when the friend, Mr. J——, had seen her samples he was so pleased and delighted with them that he at once gave her an unlimited order.

This order, however, rendered her position a very difficult one, for she had no capital with which to commence a wholesale trade; but here again God appeared for her. Having told her benefactor that she was unable to undertake so large an order for the want of means, his reply was that she need not trouble, for he would take her to a wholesale warehouse where she should be supplied with all the material she required, and for which he would be responsible. This he insisted upon; and thus she, by what she

always regarded as a special interposition of Providence, made a fair start for a large business.

Strange to say, the house from which she bought her first parcel of French cambrics is the very house now occupied as a place of business by Mr. Thomas Olney, jun., who many years afterwards first introduced her to the senior class at New Park Street Chapel Sunday-school, when it only consisted of three young women.

It need not be said that from this time she became well known in all the leading City houses in the same line of business, and eventually employed several hundreds of young women in her business, to whom she always had some word for Jesus, which was blessed to many of their souls.

The old gentleman continued her friend, and was the means of introducing her to many of the leading City houses. Wherever she went with her goods, success followed her, under the Divine blessing; for all she did in daily business she made subservient to the Lord's will, and all her earnings were spent upon those who needed

help. Her one great aim seemed to be to promote the enjoyment and comfort of others.

An increasing business necessitated undivided attention, and therefore she had less time during the week for the Lord's work, but still she was energetic in her Master's service when opportunity offered; and many souls were given her. When travelling from the country to London by coach she always had a word for her Master to her fellow travellers, often with the happiest results. Many of the young men in the City houses were greatly blessed through her instrumentality. To the present time large numbers of them love and revere her memory for her words of advice and affectionate counsel concerning their souls' immortal welfare.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER AND HER WORK.

IN 1836, Miss Hartnell came to reside in London, on the occasion of her marriage with my father, Mr. Bartlett. The union proved a very happy one; love ruled the home, and the Holy Spirit held full sway in the heart, leading and guiding into all truth.

A comparative stranger in the metropolis, my mother continued her membership in the country for a time, communing with the church there as opportunity presented itself.

In November, 1836, her first son was born,

and in May, 1838, her second; and these her two children she ever watched and prayed over.

In the early days of her married life, she endured much bodily suffering, caused by an affection of the heart, which prevented her from engaging actively in Christian work. I well remember as a child accompanying her to the chapel, when she was unable to "sit out" the service; and arrangements were kindly made by which she might remain in the vestry, and, with comfort to herself, unite with the great congregation in the worship of God. Well do I remember the kind sympathy of the pastor, Dr. Steane; how, as he came into the vestry at the close of the service, he put his hand on my head, and earnestly prayed that I might grow up to be a good servant of Jesus Christ, and be the winner of precious souls.

Her delicate state of health seemed only to intensify the interest she felt in promoting her children's spiritual welfare. A woman of prayer — a praying mother — she taught her sons

to believe in extemporaneous prayer; and, in simple, childlike language, showed them how to make their wants and wishes known to Him who had always proved Himself the hearer and answerer of her own prayers from her very childhood.

I shall never forget the spot where our prayers were offered. We two boys knelt by our mother's side at the old trunk, where she had taught her brothers and sisters to pray many years before.

She loved that old trunk, and we loved it too; for indeed it was an altar unto the living God. Many a time had it been bedewed by the tears of the "praying girl," the "praying sister," the "praying wife," and now it was once more sacred to the "praying mother;" and often thence did the sweet incense of prayer ascend to the throne of the heavenly grace.

Seven years having passed away, and her business not requiring her presence so often now, in addition to the fact that friends and acquaintances were increasing on all sides, she

determined to unite herself with the church under the pastorate of Dr. Steane. In reply to her letter, apprising him of this her intention, her pastor thus wrote:

"*Gold Hill, near Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,*
"*Sept.* 30, 1843.

"DEAR LAVINIA,— . . . . Though the remembrance of old scenes makes me regret to sever the connection, yet I am convinced that you are in the path of duty in seeking fellowship where you can fulfil the obligations and enjoy the blessings of Christian communion. . . . I have already intimated to our church your intention. I am sorry we have had so little connection with your warm heart. We want more pure and glowing zeal amongst us, such as should provoke one another to love and good works. I trust, however, there is much unobtrusive piety in our poor members, and many of them, I am sure, it would give you great pleasure to converse with. Well, you *will* know them, if not in this world, yet in *that*, where you shall see *all* their excellences and none of their sins. Here their excellences are so obscured that they themselves can scarcely believe they possess any; but God will bring them out by-and-by; and, oh, to be *without sin!*—the sweetness of that thought is unutterable.

"I trust the Lord of grace and truth will continue to keep you very near to Himself, and make you a great blessing to many souls. It will give you pleasure to know

that I lately baptized your old pupil, Catherine L——. She is married, and has a family; her name is Cyster. She, with seven others from Seer Green, was baptized at Gold Hill, to form a church at Seer Green. A church has since been formed. Six more have been baptized, so that the church contains twenty-six members. God has done great things for them. Pray for me, that I may know better how to preside over the Lord's family here.

"I remain yet your affectionate brother,

"DAVID IVES."

Having settled down as a member of Dr. Steane's church, she soon manifested an active interest in its welfare. But with all her desire for the spiritual welfare of others, home came first; and she seemed more than ever concerned for her children's salvation, for which she wrestled in prayer night and day.

This desire was, if possible, more intensified by the sudden removal of our father by that terrible disease, the cholera; we being at that time fifteen and seventeen years of age respectively. Left a widow, her thoughts and hopes centred in us; and her daily prayer was that our father's God might become our God,

through our acceptance of Jesus Christ as our only Saviour.

I (Edward) had from early childhood loved prayer. Not, however, until I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age did I begin seriously to think of my soul's eternal welfare, although I had often heard the earnest prayers of my mother that her sons might be brought to Jesus. I stood out for some time; but the effectual, fervent prayer of this righteous one, coupled with the forcible appeals of my beloved pastor, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, at length prevailed, and I was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

My brother George was more thoughtless and careless about his soul, and caused his mother many anxious moments. One Sabbath I asked him to go and hear Mr. Spurgeon preach, but he refused. At this the tears fell thick and fast down my mother's cheeks, and, with a half-choked utterance she exclaimed, 'What, my George refuse to go to God's house!' These

simple words from a tender, loving mother's lips and heart were more than George could bear. His love for his mother compelled him to yield; and he went to please her, but not really to join in the worship of God.

After he had started, my mother thought within herself, "What shall I do? Shall I go to public worship, or shall I stay at home and pray for my unconverted George?" A still small voice seemed to say, "Stay at home and wrestle for your boy." This prompting of God's Holy Spirit she listened to, and for three hours she cried mightily to God that her son George might return home a converted youth. Her prayer was answered, and he returned rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

The pastor being very unwell that evening, his brother (J. A. Spurgeon) took part in the service. The two brothers stood in the pulpit together; and as the latter prayed that God might strengthen his brother to preach the gospel, the thought suddenly struck George that

his brother Edward often prayed for him, while he did not pray for himself. This led him immediately to seek for mercy; for he now felt himself to be a lost sinner, and Jesus the only Saviour of sinners.

On the way home, a distance of about three miles, we scarcely spoke one to the other; for I was engaged in silent prayer to God that what George had heard might be blessed to his conversion, and George's heart was going up in gratitude to the throne of grace for the pearl of great price which he had just found. I was entirely ignorant of this glorious state of things until I reached home.

Our knock at the door was no sooner given than it was quickly thrown open.

"My George, my George, the Lord *I am sure* has met with your soul!"

These words were uttered with deep feeling, and in implicit faith in the promises which she had been pleading at the throne of grace.

"Yes, it is so, my precious mother," was

the response; and he fell on her neck and wept for joy. That son who but three hours before had caused his mother to weep in sorrow, now, in answer to her earnest prayers, caused her to weep for joy.

Oh, what a happy Sabbath night was that for my mother! Her heart was now filled with joy and gratitude that both her sons had begun to walk in the fear of the Lord. The prayers of eighteen long years were answered.

It may not be out of place here to inform our readers how my mother and her two sons became connected with Mr. Spurgeon's ministry and Church. It was in this way.

When Mr. Spurgeon had preached for the first time at Exeter Hall, I heard that an extraordinary "boy" had drawn a very large congregation to hear him, and, out of curiosity, I thought I should like to hear this "boy preacher." Accordingly, on the following Sabbath I went, contrary to the wish of my mother, for she had an idea that it was a sen-

sational or kind of ranting service, got up for excitement. I bless God, and shall do so throughout the ages of eternity, that I ever listened to his voice.

On my return home, my dear mother said, "Well, what have you heard this morning? I hope it has been something good." To which I replied that I had never heard such a preacher, nor such a sermon in my life; and I was not at all surprised that thousands thronged to listen to such a "boy." I felt certain that if she heard him once she would be sure to wish always to sit under his ministry; for it was just the preaching that would suit her. Still she was incredulous, and thought I had been carried away by excitement, and that, before the week was out, I should have no further desire to hear him.

When, however, the next Sabbath came, I was equally anxious to go, and go I did. The same questions were asked, and the same replies given.

She, seeing that I was deeply interested in the

services, and beginning to feel that there must be something more than she dreamed of in the power of the "boy preacher's" sermons, was at length induced to accompany me to the hall. I promised at the same time that she should in no way be crowded, and that I would get her a seat on the platform near the preacher. This I did, and as I watched her face when the "boy preacher" was pouring out his heart and soul in prayer at the throne of grace, I felt sure that he had touched a chord in her heart. From this time until her death, she listened to him with the greatest profit and delight.

We now arrive at the time when my brother and I were seeking for church membership. Almost as a natural consequence, my mother felt that she would like to be identified with the church where her sons were members, and therefore she came to the determination to be transferred from the communion at Dr. Steane's, to the communion and fellowship at New Park Street chapel, if the church would accept her. In

the month of February, 1856, we sat down together for the first time at the Lord's Table with hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude to Him who had done so much for us, and whose death we thus delighted to commemorate in this happy union. It was not until after some three or four years' connection with this Church that she recommenced any active service in the Lord's work.

CHAPTER IV.

HER CLASS AT NEW PARK STREET AND THE TABERNACLE.

VARIED are the means by which God in His wisdom brings about the conversion of the immortal soul. Sometimes He uses the learned, with master minds, who dig deep into the mysteries of God, and who bring home with power and force the things pertaining to salvation; at other times the illiterate, yet earnest and rich in grace, whose souls are fired with a zeal for the salvation of their fellowmen. The weak and feeble, who seem to men the most unlikely instruments, He often chooses, that it may be more abundantly manifest that

"it is not by might nor by power, but by His Spirit" that the marvellous deeds of Omnipotent Grace are effected.

We have an example of the latter statement in my mother's history. Little did she imagine, when in 1859 she again entered more actively into Christian work, that the Lord intended to do such great things by her. Weak and frail woman as she was, with no pretensions to learning or rare intellect, God endowed her with a passionate and earnest desire for the salvation of souls. Full of faith and prayer, having implicit trust in the great and precious promises of God, she became one of the most fruitful of mothers in Israel. Simply leaning on Christ as her Saviour, His promises her stay, and the Spirit her teacher and guide, she went forth from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from day to day, pointing to the crucified One, declaring the good news of salvation to all with whom she came in contact. And God owned and blessed this simple trust and reliance upon His promises.

In the summer of 1859, a teacher of the New Park Street Chapel Sunday-schools was leaving London for a month for the benefit of her health, and, as every earnest teacher would do, felt anxious to provide for the class in her absence. Turning over in her mind the question who would be the most acceptable substitute, her thoughts were naturally directed towards my mother. Accordingly, she called upon her and asked her to take the class while she was away. She expressed her willingness to do so, but feared that, in her state of health, the work would be too fatiguing. However, she would make an effort, and, if possible, carry on the class until the teacher's return.

The following Sunday afternoon, upon entering the school, she was met by the superintendent (Mr. T. Olney, jun.), who directed her to "the class at the top of the room"—the senior class. But she objected, as she had not come prepared, and moreover had promised to take the absent teacher's class; hence she did not feel herself justi-

fied in transferring her services to another. Mr. Olney, however, earnestly persuaded her to take it for that afternoon, and promised to provide for the other class. At the close of school he begged of her to try the senior class for a month. She repeated her fear that she should prove unequal to the task. After some hesitation, however, she agreed to make the attempt. During the month she held it, the attendance increased from three young women (the number on the first afternoon) to double and treble. The class had originally numbered about twenty.

On the expiration of the month Mr. Olney pleaded with her to continue the good work she had begun, while those whom she had gathered besought her to remain with them as their teacher. Mr. Olney asked permission to propose her as a regular teacher at their next teachers' meeting. Her reply was characteristic: "As the Lord has helped me thus far, I will, in His name and in His strength, consent." Consequently, at the next meeting she was proposed and unanimously accepted.

Often did the young people of her class, when engaged in the subject for the afternoon, feel the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit in their midst. This led to the desire on their part for more intimate communion and fellowship with their Saviour. Frequently did they ask to be allowed to turn for a time from the afternoon subject to earnest wrestling prayer with God that a large blessing might descend upon them. This request could not be granted during the time appointed for teaching, as they were being taught in the full schoolroom. It was therefore resolved to meet for this purpose every alternate Sabbath afternoon at the close of school. God in a marvellous manner poured out the spirit of prayer, so that it often happened that when one sister had been called upon to pray, seven or eight others would voluntarily follow, without any pause. On these occasions the presence of God was felt of a truth.

Soon the space allotted to the class in the schoolroom became too small; for each Sabbath

brought with it new candidates for admission, and increased steps were taken to procure more accommodation. A room in the almshouses adjoining the chapel being at this time unoccupied, the class was removed thither. This room also became too small, insomuch that the staircase leading to it was crowded from the top down into the chapel-yard.

Here God blessed her efforts to the conversion of two or three souls; but this only stimulated her desire for much greater usefulness, and she cried unto the Lord that He would make His saving power still more manifest.

A young man, once a student in the Pastors' College and now a minister of the gospel in Jefferson County, Nebraska, United States, remembers her saying on one occasion (during the time of which we now write) that she "mourned and grieved that she was seeing so little fruit from her labours." This earnest yearning for souls marked her everyday life in whatever position she was placed. Although she could

not see her labours so largely blessed as she wished, yet the Lord was secretly working, and little did she dream how soon He intended in His infinite goodness and mercy to give her to witness a blessing upon her efforts such as few Christian workers have ever experienced.

Anxious ones crowded to listen to the blessed truths of the gospel that were being so earnestly and lovingly taught; and the place quickly became again too strait for her.

About this time, the building of the Tabernacle was drawing to a close, and one of the class-rooms had already been finished for the accommodation of the male catechumen class. My mother applied for a room, and was told that as soon as possible one should be provided. Time, however, was hurrying on, and numbers still thronging to hear the word of truth from her lips, she felt her position one of great perplexity. The class itself suggested that a room should be procured in the neighbourhood of New Park Street Chapel, where they could meet on the Sabbath afternoon; but

failing in this they knew not what to do. Suddenly she resolved that on the next Sabbath she would on her own responsibility take them to the Tabernacle itself, and hold the meeting in the top gallery, although it was still in a rough and unfinished state.

Here then for the first time, and for many Sabbaths afterwards, was gathered the class which was designed by God to become eventually the largest adult class in the world.

During this period several who had been blessed through her instrumentality were making application to the elders and deacons for church membership. This brought the class under their more immediate notice, and, in consequence, everything was done to prepare a place sufficiently large for its meetings. In a very short time they met in their new room with every necessary convenience. The room held about fifty or sixty young women; but even this soon became too small, and the place was again crowded even to suffocation.

The necessity thus arising for further accommodation, a room capable of holding about eighty was provided. But notwithstanding all that was done the class increased, and even this room became over-crowded, many not being able to get near the door. In fact, on one occasion, when the pastor came to address them, he found it impossible to press through the crowd, and contented himself by standing at the entrance and addressing them from that spot. Seeing the over-crowded state of the room, and considering the unhealthy atmosphere which it engendered, Mr. Spurgeon kindly provided disinfecting fumigators. At the same time, he suggested the removal of the class to the club-room of the Horse Repository adjoining the Tabernacle, as they had not at present a larger room to offer. To this my mother objected, as she did not like the idea of being removed from the spot where such a large blessing had attended her labours.

The only place suitable in the Tabernacle for the constantly increasing class was the lecture-

hall; but this at the time was occupied by the infants of the Sunday-school.

What was to be done? The teacher and her class resorted to all-powerful prayer, and besought of God that ways and means might be provided by which the infant-school class could meet in another part of the building. The effectual fervent prayers prevailed, and in a short time an equally suitable room was found under the front steps of the Tabernacle. There was thus provided a large hall capable of holding one thousand persons.

The numbers of the class still rapidly increased, and for the last twelve years that my mother conducted it, the average attendance of adults averaged from 600 to 700 souls.

Had the class increased *in numbers* only she would have considered her labours in vain; but, blessed be God, no less than 900 or 1,000 members were added to the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, besides large numbers to different other churches. Many are distributed, in the

providence of God, in all parts of the world, and are in their turn proclaiming the good news of salvation in distant lands.

For a considerable period after the commencement of the class, my mother carried on her work after the manner of a Sunday-school teacher; but when the attendance had grown beyond the proportion of an ordinary Bible-class, she adopted the plan of a regular service. The exercises of the afternoon were commenced by the singing of a hymn and prayer, after which another hymn was sung, upon which comments were sometimes made, productive, in many instances, of great spiritual good. Prayer was again offered, which was succeeded by an earnest gospel address or exposition. But the prayer of faith and implicit trust in the Divine promises were the foundation of her success. By the simple, earnest, loving preaching and teaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, and adopting as her motto, "My class for Jesus," she met with that success which is promised to all earnest workers in the vineyard of the Master.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER LABOURS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

MRS. BARTLETT ever manifested a lively interest in the work of the Lord at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and was at all times ready to counsel and help those who sought admission to church fellowship. The pastor, in numerous instances, committed such cases to her watchful care. The following extracts from communications addressed to her by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will give an idea of the kind of work she did for her pastor and the church.

"Please talk with this young sister, who has, I hope, the root of the matter, but is a babe, indeed, and needs a little of your motherly care."

"Please try and comfort this poor young person. She is looking into the deep well of her own heart to find the sun, and is much distressed because she cannot. You will, I am sure, pray with her, and lead her in the right way."

"Please take this case in hand a little. I think her a seeking and hopeful one, but needing some teaching."

Under God, in the majority of instances, my mother was instrumental in leading others to a fuller knowledge and realisation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Her interest in the members of her own family, however, was not at all diminished.

On one occasion she received the following communication from a relative who had known her when, as a child, she carried the good news of salvation from village to village, to the sick and the dying of every grade of society:

"My dear Mrs. Bartlett,—I am requested by dear Camilla to entreat you, if you can possibly make it convenient, to visit our dear dying Charles. . . . He has the

kindest friends for his poor sinking body, but not one for his immortal interests; and being so far separated we are induced to make this request of you."

There was no hesitation—the request was conceded, and my mother was soon at the bedside of the young man, lovingly directing him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

After his decease, a letter was received from his friends stating that her faithful counsels had been blessed to the salvation of his soul.

"Thanks to a merciful God and yourself for those blessings that have followed your labour of Christian love. May the Spirit that gave the vital principle to the seed you cast, in affectionate sympathy with a dying man, shower His best blessing *upon your own heart.* . . . God alone knows the gratitude which many a smitten heart will feel towards you as a willing instrument in the service of heavenly Mercy for leading our dying brother to trust in the Saviour for his salvation."

Among her papers there is abundance of material, sufficient to occupy a volume, showing how greatly her labours among the young were blessed in the bringing of hundreds to a knowledge of the Saviour.

My mother also took a deep interest in the Pastors' College, and was the means of raising from her class, towards the support of the students, over a course of twelve years, the sum of £1,346. Adding to this amount raised by her in other ways, we have a total of about £2,000, or an average of more than £160 per annum. Her great anxiety was to keep alive the interest of her class in this work. When there was likely to be any falling off she would endeavour to keep up the amount by writing to personal friends to ask their assistance in the matter; but this was very rarely the case.

The following was addressed to a lady of rank and wealth:

"My beloved Madam,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in thus so freely addressing you, but really I cannot help it. The short interview I had with you so endeared you to my soul that I shall never forget it. While you were telling out the marvellous power of saving grace that brought you as a lost sinner to the foot of the cross, and where you found mercy, it filled my soul with joy unspeakable.

"I have taken the liberty of sending you a collecting-card for our College, as the funds at the present time are very low, and I feel constrained to do what I can to help this glorious and noble cause. May the love of Christ constrain you to help us.

"Trusting, dear madam, you are well, and enjoying much of the presence of our blessed Master,

"Believe me, etc.

"L. S. BARTLETT."

The following is the letter received in reply:

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I thank you for giving me an opportunity of contributing towards your collecting-card for Mr. Spurgeon's College. I enclose a cheque for £5. I hope your health is not in so delicate a state as when you were so kind as to pay me a visit. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed that visit. Speaking together of our gracious Lord's dealings with us both, from youth to old age, was most sweet, and vastly encouraging for our future. 'Thou *hast been* my help'—and His faithfulness is pledged towards us till He brings us safely to glory.

"Believe me, etc."

On another occasion, when an American brother was present in her class, she asked him to take a College-box to America with him,

and urged him to do all he could in that which laid so near to her heart. The following is a letter in reply to one that was sent to him some time afterwards.

"*Cincinnati, Ohio,*
January 24, 1871.

"DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—Yours, through your son, of December 27, desiring the contents of the collecting-box I brought from your class, is to hand. According to promise I placed the box on my parlour table and called the attention of friends to it, explaining the use which would be made of their contributions. I am sorry to say the box continues empty. I enclose you a draft for eighteen pounds two shillings sterling, on Seligman Bros., London, the proceeds of one hundred dollars, which I am glad to contribute to so worthy a cause as the Pastors' College.

* * * * *

"Mrs. H—— and myself look back with pleasure to our visit to Europe; it is especially pleasant to talk of the good work going on through Mr. Spurgeon and his working people. I trust you may long be spared to stand at the head of that interesting class of ladies, and to send them forth, year after year, to preach the gospel to others, and then go home to wear the crown, and prove stars in your own crown of rejoicing.

"Very respectfully yours,
"PHILIP HINKLE."

The following letter was written by the first student sent to the College, and educated by the class. This young man she always loved to call "My own dear boy." For some two or three years she watched over him as a tender mother, and he loved her as such in return. God has honoured this dear brother, and made him very useful in winning many souls to Jesus, and in raising a church in Nebraska.

"*Fairbury, Jefferson County, Nebraska, U.S.*
May 22, 1874.

"My dear Sister in Christ Jesus,—I hear from dear Cissy that you have been quite unwell again, and detained from your beloved class. This is sad news, but still you feel, I am persuaded, that your times are in the hands of One who well knows how to regulate them, and who will work blessings out of seeming evils. Still my hope and prayer is that you may by this time be able to work in the way you so much love for Him who so infinitely hath loved and still loves you. May you and your dear class find the day far distant for saying adieu to each other.

"The Lord has been with us here during the last winter. The churches have been somewhat increased, and our hearts made to rejoice. Still we cry, 'O Lord, give; show us Thy salvation.' Will you not ask your praying band

to lift one united voice and heart to the throne of grace that showers of blessings may fall upon us here? Many are around us yet unsaved. Strangers, indifferent to the gospel, are coming in continually, and we desire to see them added to the flock of God. May this not be through Christ and your prayers effectually working for us? 'Your dear boy' would fail of words to express his gratitude to you and the dear sisters if they could beseech almighty Grace to visit here the dying souls of men through our preaching of the Word.

"Yours very faithfully,
"MARK NOBLE."

Not only did the College find a place in her heart, but she also laboured for the support of the Orphanage.

When first this institution was established, Mr. Spurgeon wrote her the following letter, asking her co-operation in the matter:

"*Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington,*
"*July* 23, 1867.

"DEAR FRIEND,—We shall be very glad of your co-operation in the matter of the Orphanage, which is now fairly started.

"Will you favour me with your company to tea on Friday next at the Tabernacle, at five o'clock, to talk over the

matter and form a committee. We want some earnest workers and shall be very glad to see you on the occasion.

"I remain yours very truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"To Mrs. BARTLETT."

Her reply was the entry into the good work heart and soul.

Every institution connected with the Tabernacle, at home or abroad, in some way or other received help from her. Many of the College students love and revere her name for the words of counsel and assistance which she so often rendered them, and it will be long before her name and memory is forgotten by them.

She was always ready and willing to help as far as it laid in her power those that laboured for the Lord; and often has she made great sacrifices to assist those who were struggling through great difficulties in the Lord's service. In such cases she never failed to reap her reward.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.—MRS. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

IT was my mother's custom to hold half-yearly meetings, at which the claims of the Pastors' College were brought more immediately before her class. The following are specimens of the kind of addresses she gave on those occasions; they are from the shorthand notes of a friend, taken at the time of their delivery. Those who knew Mrs. Bartlett will at once recognise in them that passionate earnestness of appeal in which she excelled.

HALF-YEARLY MEETING OF THE CLASS, DEC. 30, 1864.

The half-yearly meeting of the class for the Pastors' College as usual rose in interest until it received its full expression in an address from Mrs. Bartlett, whose faithful and pathetic appeals to the conscience and clear statements of the principles and fruits of genuine Christianity, delivered in the natural and varied tones and with the calm and dignified energy of true female oratory were scarcely less overpowering on the platform than in any other part of the assembly. Mr. E. Bartlett presented to Mr. Spurgeon, on behalf of the class, no less a sum than £105 1s. 8d. for the College, which, with £73 9s. previously given, amounted to £178 10s. 8d. for the year. What zeal and self-denial must have co-operated to produce so large an offering! Here is an example which may well stimulate others. Alas, how few of the wealthy could bear to be compared with

these humble females in point of generosity to the Lord's cause. The spiritual fruits of this class are upon a still more gigantic scale.

MRS. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

"My Dear Sisters,—Three months ago when I stood here, I was very much cast down, because I thought your love was growing cold towards the College. While you were singing that verse which commences, 'Do not I love thee from my heart?' (you seemed to be all feeling it) you will remember that I stopped you, and dared you to sing that again unless you meant to come out to the help of the Lord against the mighty. You all looked at me in amazement. I said, 'The collections in the class are so bad for the College that I am afraid your love is growing cold in the matter.' I then pleaded with you and told you that I meant to put my shoulder to the wheel—'will you help me or will you leave me to do it alone?' I paused for a short time and then said again, 'Do not answer me unless you do so from your hearts; but if you do, show it by holding up your hands.' And now what makes me feel so happy to-night is that you have come to my help. I want you to do more for the Lord and for His cause, before I sit down. I want you to promise me, in the presence of your pastor and in the presence of your God, that you will continue as you have been going on in this good and glorious work. I am sure you mean to do it; your smiling faces tell me so. But do not do it be-

cause it is at the request of Mrs. Bartlett, but do it for the sake of Jesus. * * *

"God is here to night. We feel He is here, because so many souls have been set at liberty in this place, and He has promised to be in the midst of His children. Then will you relax in your efforts towards the support of the College? The Spirit has been brooding over us for years, and will you dare to relax? Will you still, my sisters—I ask you in the presence of the Lord—will you still continue to help me? You know what I mean—will you help me to support the College? Remember I am determined, and I say it in the presence of the Lord, we will present our pastor with £100 at our next meeting."

Half-Yearly Meeting of the Class, Aug. 30, 1865.

One principal secret of Mrs. Bartlett's success was that, in addition to her teaching and personal influence upon the young women in her class, she kept them continually employed heart and hand in relation to some special object, upon which their attention was concentrated, for which their prayers were offered, and towards which their sympathies were directed. While other religious movements were allowed to

have some measure of attention, a oneness of aim and unity of purpose bound these young women together. This one object was the Pastors' College. In fullest sympathy with her pastor in his great life-work, the lady upon whom God had laid the responsibility of conducting this class, placed the College before the 700 young women under her care as having a claim upon their sympathy and support; and right nobly did they respond to the call. During six months this class contributed towards that object the sum of £103. How this money had been raised, with what self-denial and perseverance, and what prayers accompanied the gift, are known to Him only who will give the reward.

Mr. Spurgeon, in his address, said he was glad they were engaged in real Christian effort, and more especially in this particular branch of it; for if they wanted the best spiritual percentage on their gifts—as a gentleman of his acquaintance and many others could testify—the work of the College supplied it. He regarded Mrs.

Bartlett as his right-hand supporter in Christian labour, and never thought of her without the deepest gratitude to God for raising him up so zealous a co-worker. He looked upon this class with the enthusiasm of a gardener, who saw here one of the largest and most promising *parterres* of flowers, many of which he hoped would soon be transplanted to flourish and blossom in the Church of which he was honoured to be the pastor.

Mr. E. Bartlett, a son of the teacher of the class, came forward, and in its name presented Mr. Spurgeon with the sum of £102 19s. 6d. as the half-year's contribution to the college.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the address of Mrs. Bartlett herself, whose earnest appeals, accompanied by the recital of the dying experience of one of her class, had a thrilling effect upon all who were present. During the past year, seventy-five have been gathered from this class into the Church, making a total of nearly 600 since its

formation. What cannot the feeblest means accomplish when accompanied with much faith and prayer.

MRS. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

"BELOVED SISTERS,—I cannot express the joy that I feel to-night; it is unutterable and full of glory. I thank you from my heart for the noble way in which you always respond to my call upon you to help the pastor in the support of the College. Oh, if you knew how it entwined you round my heart! for I never ask you for anything for the Lord's cause which you do not cheerfully grant.

"I am so delighted, that I do not envy Gabriel. He could not come here to tell poor sinners of a Saviour's love as I have, thank God, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, been able to do; and these are the glorious results.

"My own beloved children—you whom God has given me in spiritual birth—to you I speak with all the love of a mother's heart. 'Be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' I want you to be *burning* lights. I should not like to see you *tiny* Christians, but I want your hearts to be *filled* with the love of Jesus. I do thank and praise my God, and I will praise Him for ever, for what He has done. There are many here to-night to whom God is giving souls. Go on, my beloved ones, and when you are weary look to the Crucified One.

"My sisters, why should you be cast down? Why

should you think that God will leave you some day, as some of you have feared He would? Let me urge you, Sabbath-school teachers, never to go to your classes without prayer, and then you will never have to fear that God will leave you. Nor will He leave you, my Christian sister, if you keep near the throne of grace. How could I stand here if I came in my own strength? Be encouraged when you think of me, and know that the same Lord that has been my strength will be your strength. He will never leave you in the work. How many times have you seen me sowing in tears; but to-night you see me a happy reaper in joy, and I do rejoice! Oh, that I had the tongue of a seraph; how would I sing of what I feel! Go on—we will go on, my beloved ones; we will, in the strength of the Lord of hosts. I am nothing, and less than nothing; Mrs. Bartlett is out of the case altogether. He shall have all the glory. Yes, the precious Jesus shall have it. 'It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

"One of our beloved sisters (Miss S——) has just gone to her long rest. Her robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Her sorrows and her tears are for ever gone. They are wiped away for ever by the hand of precious Jesus. Almost her last words were: 'Dear Mrs. Bartlett was the first that led me to Jesus.'

"Ah, my sisters, I know who are here to-night. There are unconverted ones here. Sinner! sinner! if you were called to die—what then? Where's your refuge? Where's your refuge? Have you *any?* Have you *any?* Oh, it

is a solemn time with some of you. May God bless these words to your souls.

"Have you any refuge? No, you say. You have no refuge from the hand of death. Have you any refuge beyond that? You must stand before God as a naked sinner. Oh, is it possible that any of this class should ever perish? 'It will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you.' Oh, ister! *think, think*, I beseech you. You hear me now, but you may never hear me again. Now, then, I do beseech you,

* * * 'think
Before you farther go.
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?'

You are on the brink now. It is only a thread that keeps you here. Oh, my sister, I *beseech you*, think. There is a storm coming on, the storm of the wrath of Almighty God, which it will be impossible for you to stem or to escape. Will you go to bed to-night and be careless of the wrath of God? Could you sleep? I beseech you cry to God where you are sitting; *now*, on those benches, cry, 'Lord save or I perish.' It is from love to your soul that I thus speak, for I know it must live for ever; and, dying as you are, I know it must be lost for ever. Can you bear it? Can you bear it? Oh, come to Jesus, comè to Jesus!

"I am going to heaven—will you go with me? My precious Jesus has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Perhaps you say to me, I am such a great sinner. Ah, my sister, but the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Come to Him as you are—guilty, lost, and ruined. 'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' You cannot go beyond that. Will you go, my sisters? You are unsaved, *unsaved.* Oh, what will you do? *what will you do?* I have wept over you with a heart full of sorrow—go to Him, I entreat you.

"I know what I say is nothing; nor are all my entreaties, prayers, and tears anything; but if God the Holy Spirit would but breathe into your dead souls, they should live, and live for ever. Oh, that God the Spirit may now descend. I know that He is here. I beseech you give not up the strivings of the Spirit, for it may be the last time that He will strive with you. Jesus is passing by; oh, listen to His voice as in loving accents He bids you come to Him. *He is here.* I beseech you, as a dying woman that must give an account, come now to that loving Saviour's arms, and He will take you in His embrace and make you His.

"Oh, what will you say when you come to stand before God's bar? You cannot say then that Mrs. Bartlett never told you of the love of Jesus and of His willingness to save. You will hear that loving Jesus say, 'I have called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hands and no man regarded.' Oh, fly, my sisters, fly to the shelter; the storm is coming on. He is the only shelter. Oh, go to Him just as you are; now say to Him—

"'O Lamb of God, I come—I come.'

Oh, poor sinner, let there be joy in heaven with the angels for you to-night. Let them strike their harps afresh for some poor sinner to-night. Oh, that God the Spirit may send home these poor feeble words to some poor sinner's heart, for His blessed name's sake. Amen."

Half-Yearly Meeting of the Class, May, 1866.

On the evening of the 18th of May, 1866, Mrs. Bartlett's class held their half-yearly tea-meeting, and handed to the pastor their usual princely contribution of £100, making, with their bazaar stall, the sum of £220 contributed to our work in six months. This is almost beyond our belief, though we see it with our own eyes. What hath God wrought!

MRS. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

"My dear Sisters,—I must first of all thank you for what you have done for the College. Known to me better than any one else is the struggle this has cost many of you to get together. When I think of the many who have gone forth from this College to preach the glorious gospel, it fills my soul with joy; and all the more so, I thank God that you, my dear sisters, have been partly instrumental in the support of so glorious an institution, and may the measure of grace poured forth to you be greater than your self-sacrifice.

"Never till these lips are sealed in death will I cease to plead for this cause. My sisters, my daughters, and my children, you love your mother—I know you do—your hearts are twined round mine. Will you leave me in this struggle? When you feel weary again, look at the crucified One: this is always what I would point you to. Faith

"'Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.'

"We will look to Jesus and go on in the strength of the Lord of hosts, who has ever been our strength and our shield. Let your prayers abound. Be more earnest than ever at the throne of grace. I do thank God I have some wrestling sisters here who besiege the throne continually, and who bring down blessings upon our heads.

"There are workers here who work in this class, and numbers who are working in all parts of this vast city. I say again, Go on in the strength of the Lord of hosts. Be not weary, sisters, but when you feel cast down, look to Jesus, and may the mighty God of Israel ever be with you, and may the Lord bless you abundantly.

"To you, my sisters, who are professors, I wish to speak a few words: Do keep near to Jesus, for what will it be when you come to die if you have only had barely 'a name to live?'

"My sisters, you have a power given you—the power of persuasion. Use it for souls; and I beseech you cry mightily for God that you might be made the instrument of bringing souls to Christ. There are some here who

came longing to be liberated. O captive daughters, you are here. O my sister—you, whom I have wept over, whom I have groaned over, and poured out my spirit that you may be liberated—why are you in this state? Come with your poor, lost, ruined, and helpless soul, and He WILL save you. Poor sister, can you not look? Oh, you say to me, I am so dead, so weak, that I cannot even lift the eye to Jesus. Oh, that the Eternal Spirit would lift the scales from off those eyes, that you may be able to look. He calls you. Ho, ye that are weary and heavy laden, look to Jesus. Some of you said to me last week when you wrote to me, 'Give me up, dear Mrs. Bartlett. Prayer seems of no use; shall I go into the world?' *Go into the world*, my dear sister, and be lost? Oh, I pray you not to be so foolish, so blind; for ere long you and I must stand before the living God, and then what will you do, or whither will you flee from His wrath? Stop, I pray you, and think, for Jesus is here to-night, and He is speaking to you through me. Listen then to His loving voice, and close with Him ere you leave this hall.

"There is a pang goes through my soul when I think of one who used to sit here. You knew her face, but if I were to mention her name, you would not know it. She stifled conviction until the day of grace was past, and one day she suddenly fell down dead. When I heard of it I began to question myself: was I faithful to that sister? Ah, there may be some here to-night who may never hear my voice again. There was a last time

with that girl, and there must be a last time with you. I said to her last time she came to my house, 'The Spirit is striving with you, oh, quench Him not;' but she listened not to my voice, and left me as careless as ever, and now she has gone, never again to listen to the voice of love and mercy. I beseech you, unsaved ones, be in earnest to-night; for time is short and death may be very near. I do beseech you decide to-night. You say, How can I decide? You can *pray*—you can pray till you do pray. Groan to the Lord till you do pray. This night, I beseech you, 'Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now.'

"'He is able, He is willing, just now.'

"I see some here to-night who did appear to run well for a short time, but you have turned your backs upon the Lord, and you are still unsaved. Your hearts are hardened. When I have spoken to you lately I have seen no emotion, and you have said to me, 'Cease to pray for me, for I am lost.' To-night you are here unmoved. You have heard our brethren speak to you with earnestness, and they implore you and I implore you, as a dying woman, think now before you further go. A short time—a very short time—and you will be in the eternal world. There will be no kind friends there; no Mrs. Bartlett there to plead with you; and will you meet me at the bar of God, and hear me say amen to your condemnation? Oh, come to Jesus; He is waiting now, He is waiting NOW. He bids you come.

Oh, *come*. The Spirit and the bride say, *Come*. Come then, sisters. The whole of this class who love the Saviour say, *Come*. Oh, that the Eternal Spirit may now descend. O Spirit of God, breathe upon these dry bones and they shall live. What we have been saying is nothing unless Thou, O Spirit of God, come to these dead ones. Oh, come to them NOW, or they must perish for ever. May the Lord hear us for His own precious blood's sake. Amen."

The following are shorthand notes of one of her Sabbath afternoon addresses, taken down by a member of her class:

"I was thinking, my sisters, that we as Christians do not think often enough of the last great day. We go on from week to week without laying this much to heart, as many do, I know. Yesterday I was solemnly impressed with the thought that I must speak to you upon this subject.

"This text crossed my mind: 'Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.' Now, my dear Christian sisters, let us try to forget the world, and just now, in our imagination, with the eye of our faith, look at that solemn, awful, and great day. You know it is no fiction. The day *is* coming. Perhaps you say, Yes, I have heard of the day of judgment as long as I can remember, but it has not come yet. No, my sisters, but it *is* coming. We know it will come. Let us look at all

we do—at our lives as professors of the Lord Jesus Christ—in the light of this great day. I believe, my dear sisters, when this sound shall go forth, the people in the world will be at their different employments. There will be people singing, people dancing, people *sinning* too; and suddenly there will be the blast of the trumpet. Yes, my sisters, this must come—the loud, long blast of the trumpet of God. The Scriptures say, 'Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.' Oh blessed thought to those who are Christians; for we shal see Him, my sisters, whom our souls love. Does it no fill your hearts with joy? Yes, *we* shall see Him. Behold, He cometh with clouds—the once Crucified One—the Babe in a manger, but now risen Lord. Oh, blessed thought, we shall see Him whom our soul loveth! 'Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.' Oh, the thought that at the sound of that trump the dead shall rise, the sea shall give up her dead, and the countless myriads shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ! We cannot tell what it will be. It says the stars of heaven shall fall. The awful coming of the Lord Jesus Christ will be something dreadful to the sinner. Then we shall be called to judgment; the books will be opened—and what then? While I am speaking to you, my sisters, I am speaking to myself. I was thinking—

"'Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?'

Shall I stand there a pardoned sinner? I hope I can say with humble confidence, *I shall.* My Christian sisters, ask yourselves the question, each one of you, Am I now free from condemnation? Have I any hope but in Christ? Have I fled to Him as a lost sinner? If you can give a satisfactory answer to these questions, you are free from condemnation, and you will stand there in that great day a pardoned sinner.

"But, oh, let us look again at this solemn time. 'Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.' My sisters, do you not fancy you see that solemn time, when all the multitude shall stand before the great white throne? Let us try to look at our lives in the light of that great day. The blast will sound so loud that it will wake the dead. Now what should we do? What would be our first thought? I often think of this when I am alone; and this thought comes to me: Am I clear of the blood of all my dear class? Have I spoken as if it were the last time I should have to speak to them? I think I could say, I have.

"What are you doing? what is your hope? where is your foundation? Suppose it were now, could you say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly'? There are some in this hall who could. You have cast your helpless souls upon Him, and He has promised they shall never perish. Happy in life, happy in death. Do ask yourselves the question; do not trifle time away; cry out from your inmost souls, 'Lord, search my ways!' If the day of judgment be far off, the day of death may be near.

"Let us see well to it that we make our calling and election sure. Let us have our lamps trimmed and burning; and when we hear the sound, 'Behold, he cometh,' we shall go forth with joy to meet Him. Now, because I am speaking to you on this subject, do not put it off; do be sure you are saved. I know there are some here saying, *I am not sure;* I do wish I was. *You may be sure.* Have you cast your helpless souls on Him?

"'All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.'

"My Christian sisters, let us be in earnest; let us never do anything without prayer—earnest, agonising prayer. Never give a tract away without prayer. Say, O Lord, save this soul to whom I give this tract. Every soul will have to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Let us see well to it that we are not slack in the way of labour and love. *We will not sit down.* O daughter of Zion, arise, and shake the dust from off thee! If we have not laboured to bring souls to Christ it will be a dreadful thing at that day. Unless we serve our Lord with all diligence, we shall be amongst the unfaithful ones.

"And now to you undecided ones, 'Behold, he cometh,' and you shall see Him. You who have opposed Him with your negligence, with your postponing. Suppose you keep on postponing until you are in hell. You will be called to die. Oh, haste away to the only Saviour of

sinners? He is not a God of judgment now, He is a God of love and mercy. He tells me, as an ambassador for Christ, to say to you, 'Be ye reconciled.' I do beseech you to be reconciled, 'for now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.'

"Sometimes I think my entreaties have grown stale. You know, my sisters, you must soon die, and because you must soon die I feel in earnest about you. Surely if there are any who will call upon the rocks and the mountains to hide them, it will be this class if they are not saved. Oh, life is going, death is coming; and will you be careless? Oh, that God the Spirit would make you feel now, and compel you to come in. But, my sisters, why will you perish? why will you go to hell? You come here, and you love to come, and you love me, but you will not come to Christ. None enter heaven but followers of the Lamb.

"Come and taste the love of Jesus now. Oh, that God the Spirit would make some poor sinner come to Him now. Oh, that you may be enabled to say with your inmost soul, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'

"My Christian sisters, may it thrill through your hearts, 'Behold, he cometh.' Do, my sisters, think of this. Think it over and over in your souls. And I speak to myself too. May it stir us up to more activity and love to souls, and to those who are undecided. I beseech you to decide to-day. By all the miseries of the lost that you

may escape—by that last cry and agony on the cross of Calvary—I *beseech* you lay it on your heart, and may God the Spirit seal it there. May my text be your motto through the week that is coming; and may God the Spirit bless you all, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HER CLASS.

IN the year 1872, Mrs. Bartlett was absent from her class for two or three Sundays through ill-health; but, as was usually the case wherever she went, it was not long ere she was recognised and invited to speak to the people in the neighbourhood.

Although she selected a very small village for retirement, the Baptist minister (one of our late students) of the adjoining town heard of her arrival, and before many hours had passed he engaged her to address his church and congregation. Many souls were blessed, and it will

always be regarded as a day to be remembered in that town.

The following letter was at this time addressed to her class:

"*Godwell House, Offham, near Maidstone,*
"*May* 23, 1872.

"To My Beloved Class,—I have no doubt you would like to know the state of my health since my departure from you. I am thankful to say it is improving. The country is beautiful, dressed in its spring attire, and all around seems to speak out the praises of our tender Father.

"'His glory o'er creation shines;
But in His sacred Word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.'

Oh, my beloved class, how it cheers my heart to know that so many of you love and serve this bleeding, dying Lord. My heart's desire and prayer to God for you, is, that you may be able to comprehend with all saints the height and breadth of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Drink deep into His love and live near to His blessed side.

"I trust you may have a blessed meeting this afternoon, and that our beloved brother Mayers may be filled with the Holy Ghost. May he be enabled to speak as with the mouth of God. Oh, that some poor sinner may be saved to-day in this dear class. My soul travails in birth for the

salvation of the unsaved of my charge. Oh, that you may so hear to-day that your souls may live. I shall be with you in spirit though absent in body. I trust this short absence will be for the Master's glory and the good of your souls. Be much in prayer; keep in the bonds of unity; and if my precious Father spares me to see your faces again, I trust and pray that I may have nothing to grieve me, but rather to rejoice my heart.

"On Thursday evening I spoke at Mr. Beecliff's chapel, at Malling, Kent, and I shall never forget the meeting; the place was thronged, and God was there in very truth. It was a place of weeping. Mr. Beecliff has just come in and says the people will have me again on Sunday evening. I dare not refuse, because I believe it is God's will. Do, I beseech of you, pray for me, that the Lord may speak through me to poor sinners, and to dead professors; for there are many such in this town. Pray for me at the tea-table on Sunday.

"When I return I will give you a full account of my meetings and what God has done at them.

"I now commend you to the keeping of the Great Shepherd of Israel. Accept my warmest and fondest love, and believe me ever to be

"Your loving and devoted leader,

"L. S. BARTLETT."

In the year 1873 she went to stay for a while in the vicinity of Margate, for a change.

Here also she was besieged by the ministers of different congregations, begging her to speak to their people. After much persuasion she consented to speak in one of the chapels on the Sabbath afternoon; and an overcrowded place was the result. She started from her apartments after having been very unwell all the morning, and unable to get out of the house. Rallying a little, she thought she would boldly try to get into the town of Margate and speak in the Lord's name there.

She had not gone far before a terrible giddiness came over her—an ailment she had been subject to from my earliest recollection. She hardly knew where she was going. Still she struggled on, until a lady, looking out at a window, called the attention of her sister, and said, "There is a lady coming along appearing very ill." On this the sister ran to the window, and immediately exclaimed, "It is dear Mrs. Bartlett, of London." The lady ran to the door, assisted her in, and bade her rest on a

couch, at the same time administering a restorative. This quickly revived circulation, which for the time being appeared to have ceased. After she had gained sufficient strength to speak she told them where she was going. She found it, however, impossible to proceed. A messenger was sent to the chapel to inform the people.

In this, as in all circumstances connected with her life, the Lord had a work for her to do; and in His providence He overruled this event and made it subservient to His own gracious designs.

The house into which Mrs. Bartlett had been so kindly received was a young ladies' boarding-school. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, the lady asked whether she felt strong enough to address her young ladies if she assembled them. To this she replied she would be delighted to address them, if the Lord would give her strength. Accordingly they were all summoned to the schoolroom, and very soon my dear mother was addressing them with all the fervour of her warm heart. This proved to be a blessed

season; many were deeply impressed, and souls were won to Jesus.

This was not all. The husband of the lady, who was a backslider, having entered the room, heard her words of admonition and warning. When in private conversation afterwards, he said that it was the first time in his life that he had experienced the realities of religion. Since that time he has become a decided character, and is now rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour.

When my dear mother left, the lady said, "I am sure the Lord caused you to be ill that you might be a blessing to us." And so it has proved; for some time since the lady called at my house and testified to the blessed results that had accrued from the circumstance.

Of the thousands of letters received from members of her class we can only insert a few; and they shall be from some who had left their native land to dwell in distant parts of the world. The writer of the following letter, when first she entered the class was a Roman Catholic; but

by my dear mother's instrumentality she was led to look to Jesus as the only way of salvation. She was an Irish girl, with her whole heart and soul bent upon whatever she put her hand to. When once she saw the simple plan of salvation clearly, all the persuasion and all the threats of the priests could not move her.

"*Geelong College, Newtown Hill, Geelong, Australia,*
"*July* 12, 1871.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I have always been thinking of writing, but at last I shall make a start. At any rate it is better late than never. I hope these few lines may find you quite well. I am thankful to say they leave me in good health. Dear Mrs. Bartlett, all the friends out here are Baptists, and are very sorry to hear of Mr. Spurgeon's illness; but they hope by this time he has quite recovered. I must apologise for sending this letter to the Tabernacle, but I have mislaid your new address. I am often thinking about you, and often wish I could drop in unawares for the Friday-evening prayer-meeting. I trust I am still remembered there, as I still need your earnest prayers.

"We have some nice prayer-meetings here. On Tuesday evenings I go to the ragged-school, where, after singing and prayer, we have one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons read to us. We often thank God for his sermons, for we do

get a rich feast from them. We often wish that he would come out here, for there are some people here who would give the world to hear him. We pray for his recovery at our private prayer-meetings. I almost forget whether I told you in my last letter that I had been a good way up the Bush for a holiday and enjoyed it first-rate. The more I see of the country the better I like it. It just suits my restless nature. I had two days last week, and went into the country to see my future home at a place called Kensington. I must tell you that I am engaged to be married in about three months from this date to a Christian young man, a member of our Church. I have taken your advice—not to marry, only in the Lord. I think after I get settled down there will be very little chance of my coming home again, but I should like very much to see you and have one of those nice talks we used to have. Dear Mrs. Bartlett, please remember me to all old friends in the class. There is one of them who still writes to me. I must now draw to a close with my best love to you,

"Ever remaining yours sincerely,

"M. A. WILKINS."

The following letters were written to, and received from, a lady (a member of her class) who, after having been in bondage and great distress of soul for eighteen years, was eventually led by my dear mother's instrumentality to find peace and joy in her soul. Long did my dear mother

wrestle with God that this sister might be set at liberty, and eventually become a useful servant in the Lord's vineyard. Often did she say to her that she believed that the Lord was bringing her through these fiery trials to prepare her for some great work that she little dreamed of.

Since her liberation from bondage to the full liberty of the gospel as it is in Jesus, she has been the means in God's hands of imparting great joy and consolation to weary and despondding souls; for she has been enabled to speak to them from heartfelt experience. Being a weakly lady, and also a lady of independent fortune, she felt that Italy was a suitable country for her residence. She, therefore, repaired to Rome, where she has been labouring for some years in the Lord's service, and where He has made her abundantly useful, both personally, and by supporting—in the way of pecuniary assistance—a missionary to proclaim the good news of salvation to the perishing sinners of Italy.

Her letters are deeply interesting, giving as

they do some account of the Lord's work in this priest-ridden country.

If my dear mother had only been blessed to this one soul in her life it would have been worth the labour of many years; for who can tell but that poor Italy may in time to come praise God that such a labourer ever trod its soil and spake in the Master's name.

Certain it is that the arches of heaven will echo and re-echo throughout the countless ages of eternity with the shouts of redeemed ones who were brought to Jesus through her instrumentality.

Dearly did my mother love this sister, and her constant prayer was that she might prove a great blessing in the work to which the Lord had called her. Though she be dead, yet her prayers live, and they are fresh in the ears of Jesus. He will, in answer to those prayers, still continue to bless.

The following are specimens of the correspondence which passed between my mother and this lady:

"*Kennington Park Road,*
"*January*, 1873.

"MY VERY BELOVED FRIEND,—I received a card from you the day before Christmas which delighted me, because before I received it I did not know where to write you.

* * * * *

"Three weeks ago I saw your dear sister. She had a little talk with Mr. Spurgeon, and she told me she would see me during the week; but I have not seen her since, which troubles me, for I am afraid she is ill. I have been quite ill myself ever since, but I am getting better now, and hope I shall soon get strong, for I have so much to do in the Lord's work. I am so delighted to hear what you are doing. Mr. Spurgeon told me that he is continually hearing of your blessed work. I always felt sure the Lord would make you very useful in His vineyard after bringing you out of such deep waters and through the fiery furnace—you are the better fitted for the Master's work. May the Lord give you many, many precious souls, and make you mighty as an instrument in breaking the bands of those that are bound, and when you feel weak may you be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. I am so thankful your dear mamma is coming to England. I long to see her dear face. She indeed has been an angel of mercy to me many times.

"I hope I shall soon hear from you again. That the Lord may bless you with all blessings of eternal life, and

that you may enjoy the full beauty of the blessed Master's presence is the prayer of

"Your loving friend,

"L. S. BARTLETT."

"To Miss E——."

"*Viterbo*,

"*February* 10, 1873.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I am afraid you are beginning to think me very remiss in letting so long a time, comparatively speaking, elapse before writing you; but the New Year's card I sent you from Florence, which I hope you duly received, would announce my safe arrival in that city. My journey from London occupied two weeks, as I was obliged to spend several days in Paris; but the recent floods, which I had feared would impede my progress both in France and Italy, in no way damaged the main-lines of railway; so that although throughout the former country I saw immense tracts of land under water and whole villages half-submerged, yet without inconvenience I was able to pursue my journey; not, however, without sympathy with the multitudes of poor sufferers.

"I reached Florence only on Christmas Eve, and as I had already told you I should go on to Rome as soon as possible, and had besides nothing of special interest to communicate, I thus postponed the pleasure of sending you a few lines. When in Florence my time was much taken up in calling on my former friends and receiving their visits in return, and making arrangements for again leaving. During my stay I was one of twelve or fifteen

boarders in a boarding-house kept by a Protestant Italian lady, whose husband is a Swiss. As a few particulars respecting one of the above persons will be of interest to you, I will narrate them, as they indicate very clearly to my mind the leadings of God in His providence.

"The lady to whom I allude, though for about ten years a widow, is of very youthful and attractive appearance; but owing to an illness she had, I imagine about the time of the death of her husband, she has gradually grown increasingly deaf, so that she lives in a land of silence and solitude, being only able to hear words uttered close to the ear. Being cut off by this affliction—to which she acknowledged herself totally unresigned—from the usual pleasures of the world, you may suppose her life was anything but happy. She had, besides, imbibed in Germany rationalistic ideas, and finding in them no consolation, she saw no hope from without, and felt nothing but want and wretchedness within. She was, therefore, in the position and state to receive help, although she seemed firmly convinced that she was *not* one of the elect, therefore hope was useless. I held many conversations with her, and lent her much to read that I thought adapted to her case. I laid before her the simplicity of faith, and urged upon her taking Christ at His word, confessing to Him her sins, believing He would not cast her out, and that His blood was sufficient for her effectual cleansing. She afterwards told me she had done just as I had directed, but that God did not answer her prayers, and came back as usual to the question of her non-election. Finally,

about a couple of days before I had purposed leaving, she again asked me in the drawing-room in the evening what she should do; when I again set before her, simple trust. We afterwards parted for the night, I being quite unconscious of any impression made by my words. The following day she came to me and said that the previous evening, light had entered her soul while I was speaking, and that so great was her peace and joy all night that she scarcely slept, and could hardly refrain from coming to my room to tell me all about the change she had experienced. I may here say she had quite disbelieved in the possibility and fact of conversion.

"As the following Sunday the celebration of the Lord's Supper was to be observed in the Scotch Church, I proposed to her to accompany me to see Mr. McDougall, the pastor, to which she immediately consented. I thought it very necessary for her to take a visible stand if she was now really one of God's children. Mr. McDougall expressed himself quite satisfied, and invited her to partake of the Communion the next Sunday, which she did, though doubts and fears have since arisen in her mind (her first emotions of joy and peace having left her), whether really God had wrought the needed change within her. The same day in which she had related to me the experience through which she had passed, she testified to two or three persons in the drawing-room respecting her changed state, adding also earnest words. To a gentleman she gave her favourite little book (republished from "Times of Refreshing"), which he at once took to his room to

read. She told me that a week previously she could not have spoken as she did to this person; and indeed, she felt that it was not she that spoke. You see that this lady, whatever be her true state, needs the prayers of God's people in her behalf. I hope you will remember her, and let me know of it, as she would be pleased and encouraged thereby. I trust also your prayers will ascend in my own behalf, both for my own benefit and that of others.

"I must now tell you of the work begun here by the evangelist of whom you have already heard, and whose services you have publicly accepted. Since the Italian government, two years and a half ago, dispossessed the Pope of his temporal power and obtained sway over his former dominions, the Bible in Italian, before a prohibited book (as well as any other of an evangelical character), is now circulated freely, and both ministers and people are allowed the free exercise of their rights. As Viterbo is only about forty miles from Rome, until the time above indicated no colporteurs would of course dare to pass through. The inhabitants, numbering about twenty thousand, were left, consequently, to the sole guidance of the priests. Bibles, Testaments and Gospels have since been gratuitously given and sold; but the larger part of the people are unable to read, and too poor to spend even a few halfpence for books. On the arrival here of Signor Francini in November last, he found the way prepared by recent visits from colporteurs, and *one* man among the twenty thousand who declared himself already on the

Lord's side, while others manifested a willingness to forsake the Romish Church and receive instruction in simple gospel truth. When the purpose of Signor Francini became fully understood by the priests, "triduii" (*i.e.* prayers with all attendant ceremonies, altars well lighted, and ringing of church bells at certain hours, on three consecutive days) were ordered in all the churches, to avert the imminent peril threatened the city from the preaching of the heretic. Never before his coming here had their territory been invaded; thus he is able to say that he builds on no man's foundation, as the gospel is now proclaimed in Viterbo, for the first time.

"With difficulty Signor Francini found a hall where his meetings could be held, and it was only fit for use after spending a considerable amount in cleaning and fitting it up; he could obtain it under no other conditions than by paying a year's rent in advance, and signing papers binding him for five years' occupancy. He was very soon dismissed from the house where he had taken lodgings. No one in Italy can frequent an evangelical meeting or church, much less become a member of such, without at once suffering persecution from relatives or friends, and finding business, or other material interests, seriously interfered with. Signor Francini preaches regularly two sermons every Sunday, and also twice during the week. In the month that has elapsed since the formal opening of the hall he thinks as many as ten or twelve persons have come to a saving knowledge of the truth; in no place where he has hitherto laboured has he found so great

encouragement. With scarcely an exception his hearers are from the lower classes of society, the rich want to enjoy life according to their usual manner; for instance, on Sabbath evening last a grand ball was given next door to the hotel where I am staying, attended by the first families, so far as position is concerned, of the place; it being also the time of the Carnival, persons in masks and costumes paraded through the streets more or less all day. The shops are all open here every day in the week, being closed only on saints' days, etc.

"I have now given you, as briefly as possible, an idea of the field of labour of the evangelist, Signor Francini. I have communicated to him your promised remembrance in prayer. I trust both himself and the little flock he is now gathering together will be much helped thereby.

"Will you please present my Christian love to Mr. Spurgeon, his brother, and Mr. Olney.

"With kindest love to yourself and family,

"I remain, affectionately yours,

"K. E——."

"*Hotel de Milan, viâ Sta. Chiara, Rome,*

"*April* 18, 1873.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very welcome and valued letter of the 10th ult. reached me quite safely. I was much pained to learn that owing to a bad cold you had you had been, and still were, quite ill; I hope, however, that, by the blessing of God on the remedies used, you are now again in your usual health and able to resume all the duties devolving on you.

"I trust Mr. Spurgeon is now free from suffering, the worst of the season being past. The next visit he makes to Italy I hope will be unattended by the unfortunate circumstances that contributed so much to lessen the beneficial results of the last.

"It is now about nine weeks since I reached Rome. The city has been quite full of visitors, so much so that they had great difficulty in obtaining lodging; the number is now beginning a little to diminish. I have been so comfortable in this hotel that I shall remain here till I leave the city, which will probably be in a month or six weeks hence. I came here on account of the opportunity of enjoying the society of a friend (Miss G——) whom I have known for upwards of eight years. She and I were together for some weeks in Florence, at that time, in the house of the late lamented Dr. de Sanctis; she visits England and Scotland about every two years, residing regularly on the Continent. She left me nearly a fortnight since, starting on her homeward journey; she is a member at the Tabernacle, and will attend your afternoon meeting and take tea with you. I am sure you will be pleased to see her, as she will be able to give you all information you may desire. There will be no need for me, at the present time, entering upon any details through the imperfect medium of the pen.

"Since my last, the evangelist at Viterbo has passed through a season of discouragement, on account of the withdrawal from his meetings of many whom he had looked upon as sincere inquirers. Priestly intimidation,

family interests, and the non-realisation of illusory hopes of pecuniary aid, are the chief causes to which the falling off may be attributed; the last letter from Signor Francini was, however, more encouraging.

"Give my kindest love to all whom I know at the Tabernacle, and thank them for their messages; I hope their good wishes may be fulfilled in my experience. I hope to be remembered in the prayers of all. Ask that God will do to me according to 2 Cor. ix. 8, and then I shall be satisfied.

"With much love to you and yours,

"I remain, ever yours affectionately,

"K. E——."

"56, *New Street, Kennington*,

"*May* 3, 1873.

"MY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—At the time I received your welcome letter I was prostrate on my bed, having broken a blood-vessel on the left lung. It is now nine weeks since I have been able to do anything. I am still very, very weak. I intend going into the country as soon as I am able, and I hope to return strong to labour for my Lord. There has been much prayer at the Tabernacle for the Lord to spare my life. While Mr. Spurgeon was praying for me the blood suddenly ceased to flow. God is the God that heareth prayer, and He comes to His people's help. I have been wonderfully supported in this affliction. I have been made glad and to rejoice in the midst of the fire, although heated seven times hotter

than before. I hope, my dear, you are happy in the Lord, and that the Lord is blessing your labours and giving you precious souls.

"I hope I shall be at home when your lady friend comes to the class, for I long to hear from her lips what she has to tell me. We still pray for you that you may be strengthened with all might in the inner man. I now commend you to the keeping of our covenant God.

"Your ever loving friend,

"L. S. BARTLETT."

"To Miss K. E——."

"*Hotel de Milan, Rome,*

"*February* 24, 1874.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—For some time I have been desirous of writing you, although my last to you still remains without a reply. Your severe illness last spring caused, doubtless, a long and wearisome interruption to your loved labours and duties; but I hope your health is now so thoroughly re-established that you are conscious, through the blessing of God, of no lingering weakness or other consequent ill effects, and are able to pursue your accustomed routine of daily work; I trust also, your son is now in his usual health.

"Miss Gairdner (the lady whom I wished you to see) called at the Tabernacle several times hoping to meet you, but was always disappointed, as you were either confined to the house on account of indisposition or absent in the country. I have lately had the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs.

Frank White's society in this hotel; after remaining about three weeks they went south, to Naples and its vicinity; on their return north they will remain a day or two in Rome, so that I shall again have the opportunity of seeing them. I made Mr. and Mrs. White's acquaintance when in Florence, at Mr. McDougall's, the Scotch minister's house.

"I had hoped to welcome Mr. Spurgeon to this city, but I hear he will not extend his journey beyond France. I am glad, however, that the change has so far benefited him that he will not need to come further south.

"I rather think my last was addressed to you from the Island of Elba, where I spent about five weeks in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wall and family; we afterwards went together to Siena in the month of August. At the end of September the heat had sufficiently moderated to allow of my returning to Florence. Mrs. Wall and the two younger children paid me there a visit of about ten days, previous to going back to Rome. I remained in Florence from that time till the 13th of January, when I left, Mr. and Mrs. Wall meeting me at Perugia, a town half way between that city and Rome. We together afterwards stopped at the remaining principal towns that lay in our route, making in each a distribution of tracts, Gospels, etc. Mr. Wall, however, after a couple of days was obliged to leave us; his duties calling him back. I see Mr. and Mrs. Wall quite often; their friendship is a great source of satisfaction and pleasure to me. I may not have mentioned to you that our families have long

been acquainted and intimate; my mother was actually bridesmaid to Mrs. Wall's mother.

"The time seems long to me since I took parting leave of you; although little more than a year has elapsed. I could well imagine at least three had passed. I have no cause to regret my return to Italy, but hope, rather, that others as well as myself will be able to thank God for the little that He has permitted and enabled me to do, trusting that, by His grace, I may be more faithful in the future than in the past in the discharge of those duties to which I may be called. I hope you and the dear friends at the Tabernacle will remember me earnestly in your prayers. For your encouragement in my behalf in your intercessions at the throne of grace, I will relate an instance wherein I trust my words were blessed during my recent stay in Florence. On going back to my former boarding-house on my return in September, I there found the sister of the proprietor, a very intelligent and interesting young woman, recently arrived from Geneva, her native city. She had many times previously been invited by her brother to make him a lengthened visit, but had hitherto always refused, not wishing to come in close contact with Protestants, her brother and sister-in-law having become such. Her family influences having always been decidedly Roman Catholic, she said she had a horror of Protestants. For the first few weeks she seemed to me to be in perfect health, and I never suspected the contrary could be the case till, as the chilly autumn season came on, I observed a rapid and alarm-

ing change in her countenance and health, and found that since the previous February she had suffered more or less with a cough. She was now almost continuously distressed by it. On this account she had consented to spend the winter in Florence.

"With her health, her spirits also declined, and she wept much every day. From the first our intercourse had been very pleasant, and when I proposed to read and converse with her on the subject of religion, she at once expressed the pleasure it would afford her. She was so completely ignorant of Biblical truth, that I was obliged to impart the most rudimental knowledge. She told me her brother had given her a New Testament some years before, but, after reading a few chapters without being able to understand them, she had laid it aside. A few sermons during her life she appeared to have heard, but from the same cause perhaps they made no impression upon her. I confined our readings mostly to the Scriptures, with narrative illustrations of doctrine, in tracts, confirming practically the various truths taught, letting the errors of the Romish Church become apparent to her mind without much argument against them on my part. In this way I did not excite any opposition to Protestant views of doctrine. She saw many tenets of the Romish Church were without foundation in Scripture, and was prepared for the reception of the simple truth of the gospel by her felt need of consolation and salvation. My instructions were continued to her almost daily for several weeks; for her distress of mind, and health at the same time failing,

rendered her case most urgent. During this time I was pleased to observe a gradual mental enlightenment and spiritual progress till, finally, one evening, she seemed to accept the invitation of Jesus to the weary and heavy-laden, and yielded herself to Him to be saved. Although still for some weeks she was very weak in faith, yet a noticeable change took place in her general demeanour. She seemed more resigned to God's will respecting her health, and wept much less daily. She was also anxious her mother should experience the renewing influences of the Spirit, writing to her (a step that required much courage) and informing her of what had taken place respecting herself. From recent accounts I am happy to learn that God's work in her heart is going on and that her health is much improved. If He has really given her life, He will take charge of its development for her good and His glory. Her desire is to be used of Him in behalf of others. God grant that she may be the means in His hands of bringing many to a saving knowledge of the truth.

"I have read with much interest of the wonderful work that has been going on in Edinburgh. I trust it may spread over all parts of the kingdom. Here, on the Continent, is great need of the outpouring of the Spirit, both on pastors and flocks. Large numbers of the people are convinced of the errors and false doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but do not care for spiritual enlightenment—in fact, are scarcely aware of the possibility of such a thing, thinking true religion consists solely

in the renunciation of superstitious observances and erroneous beliefs; a case of conviction of sin, as in Protestant countries, is scarcely ever heard of. The simplest books on religion, such as are instrumental in conversion in England, are considered, even by intelligent and literary men, as incomprehensible; hence the need of a thorough understanding of the people, by long residence in their midst, in order to a judicious adoption of instruction to their state and necessities. It is also said with truth, that too much has been *done* with too little accompanying prayer.

"Seeing the bottom of my sheet, I must bring this long letter to a close hoping you will reply thereto as soon as convenient. With affectionate remembrances to your family, together with my Christian friends at the Tabernacle,

"Believe me ever, in love, your sister in Christ,

"K. E——."

"56, *New Street, Kennington*, 1874.

"MY VERY BELOVED FRIEND,—I feel so grieved that I could not write before, but just at the time you wrote, another dear brother was dying. I have lost two within three months. You see, my dear, it is wave upon wave, but soon there shall—

"'Not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'

"I have seen Mr. White, and was delighted to hear his

account of you and your doings. I always felt sure the Lord would make use of you for His glory.

* * * *

"You will be pleased to hear that the work of the Lord is going on gloriously in my class. Many precious souls have been saved, and we have had quite a revival. We must give our precious Lord all the glory. I hope, my dear, you are enjoying much of the presence of our blessed Master and drinking deeply into the fountain of His everlasting love. Oh, how I long to see your dear face once again! I often think I never shall, but we shall meet beyond the river, then we shall part no more for ever. The Lord bless and strengthen you and make you mighty in winning souls for Jesus, is the prayer of

"Your most loving sister in Christ,

"L. S. BARTLETT.

"To Miss K. E——."

Another letter I feel I must insert here, although it seem somewhat out of its regular order. It was addressed to the sister of the lady who writes from Rome, and it alludes to the breaking of the blood-vessel which brought her very low and, as was thought, to the borders of the grave. But God had not quite done with her here on earth; for He raised her up again to be still

the winner of many precious souls, and, if anything, to make her more vigorous in His work than ever.

She felt that time was short, and that she must "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work." This thought always inspired her with a holy zeal; and she felt that not a moment must be lost while thousands around were hurrying headlong to perdition; and the terrible realities of this thought inspired her with holy energy to spend and be spent for the Lord; and thus it was that she was so largely and signally blessed by Him who, in an agony for the souls of perishing men, "sweat, as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Oh, to have this holy zeal, which God must and will always bless, as He did in her case!

"*Kennington Park Road,*

"*May* 3, 1873.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND.—I am thankful that I have strength once again to write a few lines to you. Since I last wrote, I have felt near the eternal world. The rupturing of the blood-vessel brought me very low. It

is now nine weeks since I have been able to do anything; but oh, my dear, I have had such a flood of joy; it has been unspeakable and full of glory. I can say—

"'Sweet affliction, thus to bring my Jesus near!'

"The doctor has ordered me into the country before I commence my labours again; and I hope I shall return quite strong, that I may be enabled to work for the blessed Master. I trust, my dear, you are well, and enjoying much of the presence of your Lord. May the Lord bless you and your dear cousin in all your labours of love, and give you many precious souls.

* * * *

"I hope your dear mamma is well: how I long to see her dear face! I have received a beautiful letter from your sister, and have written and told her how ill I have been through breaking the blood-vessel.

"May the Lord bless you, my beloved friend, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing, is the prayer of

"Yours affectionately,

"L. S. BARTLETT."

The following piece of poetry, one of many which were written her by various members of the class, is selected to show the fond love which emanated from the hearts of those she gathered round her. It is not inserted here for

its poetical merit, but as an instance of true and heartfelt sympathy and desire that her labours might be largely blessed, and that she might constantly have the desire of her heart in the ingathering of souls.

The love which every member of her class bore to her was always a source of joy and great comfort; and when cast down, she always felt that there were hearts throbbing with devoted love and earnest prayers. In fact, there is no doubt that this is what supported and nerved her in her great and important work; for, like Moses of old, she needed Aarons and Hurs to hold up her hands; and this best of all help she had from many a warm and loving sister.

Many were the tokens of esteem and love presented to my mother. The following is an example:

"TO DEAR MRS. BARTLETT.

"In my heart's warm affection, with thoughts not a few,
I have braided this cushion expressly for you,
In the hope you'll accept it—though sadly too mean
To express the deep feeling of grateful esteem

Which throbs in a bosom that fails to convey
Its wishes for thee on this thy birthday.
Nay, not wishes alone, this heart is sincere,
In it fresh is the echo of many a prayer
That thy faith may be strong, that thy path may be light,
And thy prospect of glory increasingly bright;
That the rich dew of heaven may still on thee rest,
And thy garden of souls be abundantly blest;
That at length, when thy labour of love shall be o'er,
When the conflict within shall distress thee no more,
Thy heart's one desire thine eyes may behold,
As thy spirit shall traverse the regions of gold.

In that land where by faith methinks I now see
A crown decked with jewels all ready for thee,
Oh, yes, there's the harp and the robe waiting too,
When the pearly white gates are thrown open for you.
Then courage, dear sister, the thought is enough
To sweeten the dregs of the bitterest cup—
That we, with the ransomed, one day before long,
Shall join in the tune of the glorified song,
Shall take up the echo, and swell the sweet strain,
Of glory to God and the Lamb that was slain.
Then adieu to the tears that so oft dim the eye,
Farewell to the fears that prompt the deep sigh:
Sin, Satan, and self, have no power to control
The blood-bought immortal and glorified soul.
Oh, fathomless love we can ne'er understand—
Enough! we shall enter that beautiful land

Where the heart, free from trouble, with joy shall unite
With those we have loved who have passed out of sight;
For eye may not see, but faith may discover,
The husband, the wife, the sister, or brother.
Oh, yes, while we linger, communion is sweet,
For faith is the channel through which we shall meet
Our faithful, unchangeable Saviour and Friend,
Who has loved from the first, and will love to the end.
Now, dear Mrs. Bartlett, in love I remain,
Affectionate, true, and hope to retain
That heartfelt emotion which speaks not of love,
Without pleading for thee when my thoughts soar above.

"E. WEARE.

"*November* 27, 1867."

CHAPTER VIII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH AMERICAN FRIENDS.

MY mother's fame spread abroad, and in other countries her work was better understood than in many parts of her native land. Most American ministers or editors of papers who came to London, visited her class, and on their return wrote accounts for the various religious journals; and, in many instances, her work was made a subject for lectures.

Dozens of papers were received during her lifetime from the other side of the Atlantic, containing graphic accounts of the Sabbath-afternoon meeting in the lecture-hall. All the papers containing these accounts were de-

stroyed by her, she having a great objection to any public notice being taken of her work and usefulness. A few letters from American merchants, pastors, etc., have been found which may prove of interest to the members of the class, if not to the general reader. Many of the sisters will remember these brethren, who, with loving and warm hearts, spoke to them of the love of Jesus, and through whose instrumentality some of their souls were blessed.

The following letter from an influential merchant of Newark, New Jersey, was written while he was staying in London. It runs thus:

"*The Langham Hotel, London,*
"*February* 20, 1870.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I am yet enjoying the delightful fragrance of the hours passed in your company at the Tabernacle. I have received new inspiration to urge one on in the blessed work of the Master. I have strongly experienced that powerful influence for good of which we were speaking, and trust that God will give me many opportunities to impart it to others as I journey through life.

"I have thought since leaving you that I would like to

have Mr. Spurgeon's photo by the side of yours in the centre of 'jewels,' which are to surround gems of great price; and if not too much trouble, please obtain his autograph also on the back. I presume one of his present photographs could be copied for the group without putting him to the trouble to sit especially for it.

"I had the great pleasure of greeting him, and was charmed with the warm Christian courtesy with which he welcomed the 'American stranger.'

"With earnest prayers for God's continued blessing on your labours, and that our motto may be mutually realised—'All my class for Jesus'—

"I remain, sincerely yours,

"G. S. PAGE."

When Mr. Page returned to his own country he carried with him the influence which had been exerted upon him through my dear mother's instrumentality, and in many meetings which he addressed he urged his fellow-labourers to speak and to teach in simple earnest language the great truths of redeeming love. Three years after writing the above letter, a friend of his (the Hon. C. C. Lathrop) was visiting England, by whom he sent the following letter of introduction to my mother:

"*Newark, New Jersey,*
"*January* 2, 1873.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you my esteemed friend and earnest Sabbath-school and Christian fellow-labourer, the Hon. C. C. Lathrop, of this city.

"I am sure he will bring 'good words' to the dear members of your Bible-class.

"I have never forgotten the two delightful afternoons I spent in that blessed place in the Tabernacle. My kindest regards and warmest prayers for a continuance of God's blessing upon your labours. I trust a kind Providence will bring me to you again next year. Please introduce Mr. Lathrop to Mr. Spurgeon.

"With sincere love,
"GEO. S. PAGE."

Mr. Lathrop thus wrote on his return home:

"638, *High Street, Newark, New Jersey,*
"*January* 8, 1874.

"DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—You will recollect my being introduced to you by Geo. S. Page, and addressing your class on the Sabbath and being present at your tea-gathering in the church. I shall never forget the pleasure I then enjoyed. It was my purpose to call on you before leaving, but I found it quite impossible in the short time left to me before leaving London. We visited all parts

of Great Britain and Ireland, travelled all over the Continent, and returned safely to our home in November, after a pleasant voyage, arriving just in time to participate in our American thanksgiving (Nov. 27), which, with us (Americans), is a national occasion of praise and festivity.

"I was warmly greeted by our Christian friends, and especially at the chapel where I preached (as a layman) every Sunday evening. I presented your regards to Mr. Coe, who remembers you with much interest. I think you promised me your photograph; I enclose mine and hope to hear from you with yours.

"With earnest wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare,

"I am, your brother in Christ,

"C. C. LATHROP."

The following was my mother's reply to the above:

"56, *New Street, Kennington Park Road,*

"*February,* 1874.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I trust you will pardon my apparent neglect in not writing to you before this, but I have had so much affliction and death in my family that I am sure you will forgive me. I am thankful to say the work of the Lord is going on gloriously in my class. Numbers of precious souls have been saved since you were with us. My dear class will never forget you; they

often speak of you and the blessed utterances that came from your lips on the wonderful love of Christ. Many souls obtained a blessing that day. May the Lord bless you in your own labours of love.

"I thank you very much for the carte you sent me—all the class knew it. I now send you one of mine in return.

"My Christian love to my beloved friends, Messrs. Page and Coe. I hope they, with yourself, are enjoying much of the presence of the blessed Master; and if we never meet again on earth we shall meet with all the blood-bought saints around the throne of God.

"Your sister in Christ,

"L. S. BARTLETT.

"To the Hon. C. C. Lathrop."

The tea-table connected with my dear mother's class always struck the Americans with wonder. Many of them have said to me that they never could have imagined that a large body of people like that could, from Sabbath to Sabbath, meet together with all the apparent love of truly united sisters.

Social gatherings in connection with Christian churches in America are generally times of feasting—the tables being spread with every

delicacy. Our American visitors could not understand how, with a simple cup of tea and plain bread-and-butter, there should be such happiness depicted in every face. They had not, however, sat long at the table before they discovered the secret. For the most part the sisters were not engaged over their tea in idle chit-chat, but were talking of the love of Jesus and the things of heaven, and these were to them happy moments indeed.

This much by way of explanation was needful to account for the allusions made, in most of the letters, to the tea-table.

The following letter was written by a Baptist pastor of a church in New Jersey, who, on the occasion of his visit, was much struck with the unity and love of the members of the class.

"*Steamer 'City of Baltimore,'*
"*October* 3, 1867.

"DEAR SISTER,—Enclosed please find the flowers I promised you, gathered from the garden of Gethsemane. I trust they may suggest to you some of the impressions

which I had in that sacred spot when I gathered them. I was much impressed with the evidence of the Divine presence when in your class on last Sabbath afternoon. I also noticed the spirit of Christian love that pervaded all hearts at the tea-table. My prayer is that God may *bless you yet* more abundantly in your efforts to save souls.

"Yours in Christian fellowship,

"A. G. THOMAS,

"*Pastor of Baptist Church,*

Mount Holly, "*New Jersey.*

"To Mrs. Bartlett."

Dr. Clay, a Canadian friend, frequently addressed the class. He is a doctor of medicine, and an earnest preacher of the gospel, and has been greatly blessed of God to the salvation of souls. He was sent to this country by the Canadian government to lecture on the advantage of emigrating to Canada. He remained here for some months, lecturing and preaching, and when he returned to his native land, he took back with him one of the students of our Pastors' College—Bro. Bool—who is still carrying on the Lord's work in Canada, with

evident signs that the Divine blessing rests upon his ministry.

The first time that Dr. Clay spoke at the Tabernacle was at the annual meeting of the class, and those that then heard his voice will never forget the powerful address which he delivered. Many were blessed by it. He was in frequent communication with my mother, and on his return wrote:

"*Messingham, Lincolnshire,*
"*August* 8, 1872.

"MY DEAR SISTER BARTLETT,—I thought I would just drop you a line or two to let you know my whereabouts. For no matter in what part of dear old England I am when Sabbath comes around, I feel as if I should like to be moving towards dear Bro. Spurgeon's house—that spot so blessed of God.

"I am now at the house of father's eldest brother, and it has been a happy meeting. For through the life and labour of a dear daughter he has been brought to the feet of the blessed Jesus. Though only twenty-one years of age now, she has through grace been enabled for the past five years to hold family worship; for since her father experienced religion he has never had strength to pray at his house with his family until the night before last.

After his daughter read, I prayed, and at the close of my prayer uncle began; and it would have warmed your heart to have heard my dear uncle talk to his blessed Saviour, and bless and praise His name for what His blood had done for him. The whole family were trained Unitarians. Blessed change from such darkness to see everything in Christ Jesus our Lord. I preached last Sabbath for the Primitive Methodists, and we had a shout in the camp.

"Is there no way of getting a missionary to this part of the land? I cannot find one baptized believer here. If a good man came in the strength of his Master to this region, I believe there would be a shaking amongst the bones, as dead as they are. I hope with God's blessing to be with you a week from Sabbath, when I shall be most happy, if it will rest you in any way, to speak to your class.

"With kind regards to Bro. Spurgeon and the rest of the Christian friends,

"I remain your brother in Christ,

"EDWIN CLAY."

The following letter is from a Canadian merchant who visits our shores twice every year, and who has addressed the class since my dear mother's death. It is an example of the deep sympathy existing in the hearts of our Canadian

friends towards the class, and with my dear mother's work for the Lord.

"*Truro, New Jersey,*
"*October* 19, 1872.

"My dear Mrs. Bartlett,—It is with pleasure that I take my pen to fulfil a promise I made you when in London that I would write you on my return home. We had a very pleasant passage, arriving home safe and in good health. I found my family well and glad to see me.

"I often think of you, and more particularly of your Bible-class; and I do feel that God has raised you up to do a work for Him. I shall never forget the happy Sabbaths I have spent in London, and the hallowed influence that has come over me as I attended your meetings. Will you be so kind as to remember me to your dear class? As I write this, a prayer goes up that our dear Saviour's presence may be with you, and that many more precious souls may be brought to Him through your instrumentality. I have seen Dr. Clay since my return, and he is much pleased with your warm reception and kindness to him. He preached for us a few Sundays ago, and he spoke with power. And now, my dear sister, what more can I write? You will see by this that I am a very poor letter-writer; but I do look forward to some day not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of dropping into the Tabernacle again. Till then I bid

you good-bye, hoping that God may give you health and much of His presence, so that you may go forward in His work, and that many souls may be gathered into His vineyard.

"Yours in Christ,

"WM. CUMMINGS."

On one occasion a lady wrote from Australia, asking the following questions among others: "Have you (Mrs. Bartlett) extraordinary talents?" "Are you a profound Biblical scholar?" "Have you any particular method?" "Do you use the blackboard to illustrate your subject?" "Do you adopt a course of study?" "Are you a commanding-looking lady?" "Have you any great power of oratory?" "Or what is the secret of your great success of which we hear so much?"

To this letter I replied, and told the lady that to all her questions, without an exception, I must answer, *No.* The only secret of her success was her *implicit trust* in the promises of God, and the earnest loving words she uttered when pleading with sinners in the strength of the

living God of Jacob; that she had no external assistance, either from blackboard, personal appearance, or oratory. God's Holy Spirit was her only Teacher; and by faith she lifted up Christ before the people.

Unfortunately, many workers for the Lord now-a days trust too much to the outward auxiliaries, and not sufficiently to the teaching of God's Holy Spirit; and consequently many fail because they do not speak from the fulness of the heart, but more from head knowledge. We do not depreciate head knowledge, but we are bound to make it subservient to spiritual knowledge, which must come by the direct teaching of the Holy Spirit, and not by any course of study, however good and useful. The more simply we proclaim the gospel of Jesus, without the external trappings of man's invention, the more successful we are sure to be. Such was the course my dear mother ever took in her work for the Lord. The following letter was addressed to her by a female Bible-class teacher in Boston, Ontario.

"*Picton, Jan.* 16, 1865.

"DEAR MADAM,—Will you pardon the liberty of a stranger in addressing you? Your success as a Bible-class teacher has reached this far-off land, and it has elicited much commendation. To me it is the subject of anxious inquiry, What is the secret of your success? I am the teacher of a Bible-class, and am anxious to make myself as useful to that class as possible. Would it be too much to ask you to give me an idea of your mode of teaching?—how you have secured so large a class? Is your class all young persons? How do you manage to keep up sufficient interest to retain your pupils? I commenced my class a year ago with eight; now we number fifty. It has occurred to me that you could give me some instruction that would be of great value to me in my work. Is your class in connection with the Sabbath-school? A programme of your exercise would be of very great value. I believe that one who has so much success must be deeply imbued with the spirit of the enterprise, and will not refuse to aid a fellow-labourer. Your answer will be anxiously looked for.

"My address is MRS. LETITIA, Picton, Ontario, Canada.

A few weeks before my mother's death she received the following letter from a lady in Cleveland, Ontario, with a bank-draft enclosed for ten pounds—five pounds for the Orphanage and five for the College—which my dear mother

presented to our pastor on the 19th June, 1875, being his forty-first birthday. I mention this fact because it was the last opportunity God gave her of being the means of helping these two glorious institutions, apart from the bazaar, which was held at the same time. Little did the lady think, or did my mother dream, that when she received the letter it would be the last from the other side of the Atlantic.

The letter runs thus:

"380, *Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ont.*,
"*June* 7, 1875.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I have thought of you in your Sabbath work so many times since I had the pleasure of being in attendance with you on two or three different occasions. The progress generally of Mr. Spurgeon's Church inspires every one who has the great privilege to visit it with a new zeal to work individually, and strive to do more for the Master. I was happy in sitting beside you at the very social tea after the close of the class—a novel but a Christian thought to bring your class before you in this spirit of love one towards another. I shall never forget it, neither shall I forget the hearty hand-shake by your good pastor. I have "Our Own Hymn-Book" which Mr. Spurgeon gave me seven years

ago, in which he wrote my name and also his own. I prize it very much. I hope within a year to come again and then to visit the Stockwell Orphanage. Will you kindly appropriate the half of the enclosed to the college, and the other half to the orphanage. I am obliged to endorse it to Mr. Spurgeon as I do not know your initials.

"May the dear Lord bless you in your labour of love, and give health and strength to your wonderful working pastor.

"I remain ever your sister in Christ,

"MARY E. MONROE."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S LETTERS TO MRS. BARTLETT AND HER CLASS.

THE letters here presented to our readers will be appreciated, as showing Mr. Spurgeon's deep interest in my mother and her work. They have primarily reference to the College subscriptions from the class and the Orphanage bazaar. Thanking my dear mother and the class for their help in the bazaar at the end of 1872, Mr. Spurgeon writes:

"*Nightingale Lane, Clapham,*

"*January* 1, 1873.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A thousand thanks to you and all your warm-hearted class and helpers. I wish you and all

of them a Happy New Year; the Lord make it a grand year of ingathering of souls. I congratulate you all on yesterday's success; God be thanked."

"Yours ever heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The next letter is concerning the College, in which my dear mother took the deepest interest from the year 1861. From this letter it will be seen that she was not well, and that the loving heart of our dear pastor was moved by her appearance, and that he feared she was worrying about the falling off in the subscriptions of the class—which no doubt was the case. Whenever there was any falling off or coldness in the work for the Lord it always affected her health; and no one knew but herself what she suffered through this cause, although happily it rarely occurred.

"*Monday, Nov.* 11.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I fear you are not well; you looked quite ill last night. The Lord uphold you and give you your heart's desire. Will you tell Mr. Blackshaw whom to invite for your meeting, and when you would like it. Just take your own day. May we have

a special blessing upon it. If the money falls short at all pray do not be downcast, but let me give my mite to make it up. I always fear that I burden you, and I would have you without *such* cares, seeing you have the care of souls pressing so heavily upon you.

"Ten thousand thanks for all your deeds of holy zeal. God give you a sevenfold portion.

"Yours very truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The following letters were written from different parts of the Continent. They are full of graphic descriptions of the places he visited, and at the same time full of spiritual consolation to those of the class who loved the Lord, and of earnest appeals to those who did not. Their perusal will afford gratification to many, and may prove a blessing to such of the class as are still unsaved.

"*Bel Alp., Canton Valais.*

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—I am afraid you have thought me forgetful of my promise, but I have not been altogether so, as I trust this note will prove.

"With constant thanksgiving I remember your work of faith and labour of love, and I pray the Lord to sustain you and make you still a joyful mother in Israel.

"Your heart yearns most for the souls under your care, and therefore when I have just thanked you with my whole heart for all you do for me and my Master's cause, and have asked your continual prayers on my behalf, I will rather write to the class than to you.

"*To those of them who are saved* will you present their pastor's kindest remembrances, and say, I beseech you to walk worthy of your high calling? Watchfulness is to be our daily spirit. We must not sleep in an enemy's land. Those who go near the brink of precipices may one day fall over them, and familiarity with sin may one day lead to the commission of it; and our God alone knows the misery which a fall may cause to you and to those who love your souls. Our sisters form a numerous and influential part of the Church, and when their hearts are in a thoroughly spiritual condition they have a wonderful power for good. We want no better band of missionaries than the godly daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers in our midst. When it is well with you, pray for me, and let this be your one prayer—that I may return to you in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. I am now writing high up in the mountains, more than a mile, perpendicularly, up among the clouds; the air is cold and bracing, the view is wide and lovely; the mountains, with their snowy heads, seem just on a level with me; all is still and calm, and my body and soul are both growing well and strong. Now, in spiritual matters, I want you of dear Mrs. Bartlett's class to live on the mountain, high up, near to God, far from the world, where

your view of Divine truth will be clear and wide, and I want you there to grow strong and healthy in heavenly things that you may do wonders in His name.

"*To those unsaved* how shall I write? I must first pray, 'O God, deliver them from their sins and from Thy wrath.' Last night the lightning seemed to set the mountains on a blaze; it flashed from peak to peak and made the clouds appear like great thrones or furnaces of fire; the terrible God was abroad, and we were awed with His presence. I could look on cheerfully and say, 'My Father does it all;' but what must it be to have this God for your enemy? Young friends, I beseech you to consider your condition as having an omnipotent God full of anger against you for your sins. May you feel your danger and seek His face before you feel the terror of His hand. What a sweet short sentence is that—'God is love!' Think it over. If Satan tempts you to despair, throw it in his face. If sins or doubts prevail, remember *God* is love. But do not forget that *He is a consuming fire.* He will either consume you or your sins—you or your self-righteousness. Jesus felt His Father to be a consuming fire in the day when the Divine wrath fell on Him to the uttermost; if Jesus felt it what will those feel who live and die in sin? May you be led to trust Jesus with your souls *now.* May you all be saved. May we all meet to part no more in glory. Till then

"I am your earnest minister,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

"*Heligoland,*

"*Tuesday, Aug.* 27.

"My dear Mrs. Bartlett,—I have had such a succession of fits of illness, and have been driven thereby from place to place, that I have not up till now had one day of enjoyment or real rest. Out of Hamburg I was glad to go, *for it was so feverish* that I thought I should die of it. This prevented my going on as I planned to Berlin and Dresden: and this, blessed be God, was the best possible result, for it seems that those towns are even worse than Hamburg in point of health, and one gentleman, who was with us at Hamburg in fine health and went on to Berlin, has taken the cholera, and his life is despaired of. *This might have been my case;* but for my illness I should have gone there, and who can tell?

"Ask your class, my dear Mrs. Bartlett, to pray for the great nations of Europe, which sit in darkness and see no light; especially the so-called Protestant countries which are really heathenish and infidel. In Hamburg city there are 200,000 people, and yet in all the churches there are never 5,000 people at one time. The preachers are generally rationalists, and the good ones are little better than our Puseyites. Sunday is the great pleasure day. Five hundred came to this little island last Sunday. We do not prize our happy English Sabbaths as we ought, but still we do have a Sabbath: these people live on from year to year without one, and yet think themselves good Protestant Christians. The mischief lies with the ministry; the ministers teach the people to doubt the Bible, and who

wonders that they therefore cast off even the outward fear of God? How needful to keep up a faithful ministry; and this I trust, under God, our College is doing and will do. I thank you from my inmost soul, and all the dear sisters in your class, for standing so true to that part of my Master's work. I wonder at what is done, and pray God to reward you and them a thousandfold.

"One curious thing we took part in at Mr. Oncken's chapel the first Sabbath I was away. After the communion all stood up and joined both hands with each other and sang a loving verse. All round the chapel we were joined together like an endless chain, and, as the hymn went on, we squeezed and shook each other's hands according to the tune. It was rather funny but very expressive, for it set forth our loving unity very remarkably, and I shall never forget it. Well, just in that way I give you my hand, and through you I give it to all who love the Lord in your great class. Oh, that all did so! May your services, which I bless God for, continually be more and more bedewed with the Holy Spirit. May you be strengthened in body and comforted in spirit, is the earnest desire of

"Your loving friend and pastor,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The following was addressed to my mother's class during Mr. Spurgeon's stay at Mentone:

"BELOVED FRIENDS,—I write to salute you all, and especially your mother in the gospel, my dear friend,

Mrs. Bartlett. I hope you are enjoying times of power such as have been so usual with the class. The Lord's own daughters among you—each one a princess, not in her own right, but by marriage to King Jesus—will I trust be living in the enjoyment of their high privileges.

'Why do the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?'

Yours it is to wear a girdle of joy; for the joy of the Lord is your strength. See to it that your lives are consistent with your high callings, for it ill becomes the daughters of Zion to bemoan themselves like the children of earth. 'Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ.' Be earnest for the souls of others, and support by your prayers the earnest efforts of your beloved leader, Mrs. Bartlett. To those of you who are unsaved I have this word: '*How long halt ye between two opinions?*'

"Years roll on, and each one spent in alienation from God swells your dreadful account. Have you not sinned enough? Have you not run risks enough that you must still imperil you souls? An hour even of toothache is too much, but what is that compared with the disease of sin and the anger of God? yet these you bear as if they were mere trifles. Will the hour of decision never come? or will you linger till you perish in your sin? Remember Lot's wife—she is a monument of salt; take a little of that salt and season your thoughts with it. Your graves are yawning for you, hell also enlargeth itself. Flee from the

wrath to come; start up like those who have been asleep upon the brink of death; and 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'

"Yours lovingly, for Christ's sake,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The following letter is one that was written to my dear mother at the time Mr. Spurgeon was preaching at the Agricultural Hall, during the painting and cleaning of the Tabernacle in 1867. On this occasion, the dear friends at Walworth Road Chapel, under the pastorate of Mr. Howieson, kindly placed at my dear mother's disposal the schoolroom in Vowler Street on Sabbath evenings, and here many souls were brought to rejoice in Christ Jesus as their Saviour, and will have to thank God throughout the countless ages of eternity that they ever entered the place. Some went from curiosity, and were caught in the gospel net, and by God's grace they have held on their way from that time until the present.

"*April* 5, 1867.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT,—The enclosed note has just arrived for you from the other side of the Atlantic.

I was pleased to see you look better on Thursday, I hope you are really so. I am glad also that you are full at Mr. Howieson's; will you urge your class to be more than ever in prayer for a blessing? Have you been to the Hall? you must see it once, for even your soul of fire will get an extra coal from that sight. May you be more than ever the blessed among women and blessed to women. My sincere love to you.

"Yours truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOSING SCENE NARRATED.

ON Saturday, July 24, 1875, I went to a small village called Offham, near Maidstone, to preach on the Sunday. It being a very beautiful day on the Monday, I thought I would take the benefit of the country air for the day, and therefore I did not return to my home till the evening. Previous to my starting on the Saturday, I begged my dear mother to go to the Almshouses Schools to my service—which is held for adults and young people from eight o'clock till nine o'clock p.m.—to address them, which she consented to do.

In the afternoon, she addressed her class from John iii. 3, a subject which had been suggested to her in reading a little book, entitled, "Have you?" Both in the afternoon and evening she seemed so well and strong that she spoke with greater vigour than usual—so much so that it was the subject of remark.

When I returned on the Monday evening, she had not reached home from the Tabernacle, but she came in about her usual time (ten o'clock) full of life and spirit, and immediately wanted to know what kind of day I had had in the country on the Sabbath. After I had given her a full account of my doings, and the success with which I had met, she related, with all the fire and enthusiasm of her soul, the events of the happy and glorious day she had had and how she had felt the power of the Holy Spirit both in her own class and my service. We sat talking together until midnight of the goodness and mercy of God to us in all our works for His glory, and then retired to rest.

We were all up at the usual hour in the morning of Tuesday, and sat down to breakfast together, when she appeared as well as she generally did and took her breakfast in the usual way.

I had not, however, left home for business many minutes, before she complained of feeling very sick, and shortly after violent vomiting ensued. The doctor was immediately sent for, who pronounced it to be an attack of pleurisy, which gradually increased in severity until at last inflammation of the lungs set in. This prostrated and brought her very low. Up to Saturday afternoon no fear had been entertained of her death, and, in fact, on the morning of Saturday she seemed so much better that I went down into the country to fetch my eldest daughter home, who was away for a change. When I returned in the afternoon and entered my mother's bedroom, I saw that death had got a firm hold of her, although the friends around the bedside thought I was mistaken. I at once sent for the doctor. He noticed that a sudden and unexpected change

had taken place, and suggested that a physician should be consulted. The result of the consultation was that the physician had very little hope of her recovery; at the same time he prescribed as much nourishment as she could take, to be regularly given every half hour. His instructions were promptly attended to; and her devoted, faithful, and untiring friend, Miss Ivimey, who had not left her for one minute from the time she was taken ill, volunteered, and insisted upon undertaking, to carry out the physician's instructions. But no human help availed to save her life.

Early on Sabbath morning the dear pastor (who had been summoned by telegram by the doctor unknown to me) came in to see her, which gave her great joy in her dying moments (although she did not seem to know she was so near her end, for she said to the doctor in Mr. Spurgeon's presence, "Now doctor, tell me, in the presence of dear Mr. Spurgeon, whether I shall get better," to which the doctor replied, "You are not in

a very weak state, and we hope to get you all right again;" but this of course was fraught with grave doubts.

The pastor, fearing lest there should be anything she required that I had not been able to procure, put the question to me, when I told him the only thing was the champagne. He promised to obtain some for me after the service. This he did through the kindness of our friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell.

I mention this fact to show the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Spurgeon towards my dear mother and myself. Both he and Mr. Murrell have the satisfaction of knowing that they were the means in her last hours of providing the nourishment she required.

From midday on Sunday she rapidly sank. All through the Sunday night she continued asking for me, although she was too weak to articulate distinctly, and when I spoke to her I could not understand what she said, except when she prayed, and that she did almost incessantly

up to within a very short time of her death. Every word in prayer was distinctly audible. All through her illness she frequently repeated favourite passages of Scripture and hymns, with the emphasis of a soul nearing the eternal world. Not one doubt seemed to trouble her breast, but in the full sunlight of her Redeemer's countenance she lay as a peaceful child in its mother's arms. She seemed to have no care, apart from the unconverted of her class; for these she manifested great anxiety in her dying moments, and in an audible voice she would pray, "Lord, save, *save her* NOW, save her NOW;" and then again she would pray for the unconverted collectively, "Lord, save *them now*, save them NOW."

Several times on the Sabbath afternoon, she said, "Lord, why this barrier? why this barrier?" meaning her illness, which prevented her going to her loved class. And again she would say to me, "Take me, oh, take me, my dear child, to my dear people." Fain would I

have done so, if I had had to carry her every inch of the way, if it would have spared her dear life.

On Friday evening she said, "I feel that I shall not be able to go to my dear class for a month yet to come, and therefore will you, my dear, go on Monday and see Mr. Spurgeon, and ask him to provide some one for that time;" showing that she had no idea of her near approach to the eternal world, and her long looked-for home. In mercy God hid this from her; for, with her natural anxiety for her people, and the strong desire for their immortal souls' welfare, it would have caused her deep mental anxiety; but the Lord made her dying bed feel

"Soft as downy pillows are."

How gentle and how loving was her heavenly Father in this; and how sweet to her thus to lay down her weapons of warfare against sin and Satan, as a tired warrior after the day's battle.

About nine o'clock on Sunday evening my dear wife entered her room, when she heard her say, in an audible voice, with great emphasis,

"Jesus, *Jesus*, Jesus, now take me to Thy banqueting house." Later on in the evening she asked for her Ted (meaning me), and shortly after, she said, "I want nothing but to lean my head on my Saviour's breast, and lie passive there." Soon after this she repeated those beautiful lines:

"'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.'"

And again:

"'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'"

At five o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 2, 1875, my mother sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, after an illness of six short days, without a groan, as a little child reposes on

its mother's breast. As she lived, so she died, in the very atmosphere of praise and prayer; for I believe in her lifetime she literally prayed without ceasing. Now she has changed the heart and voice of prayer for that of eternal praise, with all the blood-washed and ransomed throng in heaven; and throughout the countless ages of eternity will that voice echo and re-echo to the praise and glory of Him who washed her and made her white in His most precious blood.

On the following Friday, August 6, by special request of the pastor, her precious remains were taken to the Tabernacle for the funeral service, so that all who desired to pay their last tribute of respect might have an opportunity of doing so, as there was not sufficient accommodation in the cemetery chapel. At the Tabernacle and the cemetery several thousand friends were present Pastor C. H. Spurgeon gave a most solemn address, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon engaged in prayer. The scene was a solemn one, and the

service very impressive. Mr. J. T. Dunn committed the body to the grave by my special desire (the pastor being fearful of the dampness of the ground affecting his health), and gave a most beautiful address to the many hundreds who surrounded the grave.

As the funeral procession passed along from the Tabernacle, the way was thickly lined with those who loved her, many of whom were in tears, a circumstance which called forth the remark from our dear friend and brother Mr. Dunn: "Behold how they loved her."

Her remains rest in Nunhead cemetery, but her happy spirit has taken its flight to mansions beyond the skies. Until the archangel's trump shall sound, her poor frail body will rest beneath the cold clod, and then "the mortal will put on immortality," free from all racking pains, weaknesses, trials, difficulties, temptations, doubts, and fears.

A large Bible which was presented to her by her dear class on her fifty-seventh birthday,

Nov. 27, 1863, she constantly used when studying her subject for the Sabbath afternoon's address. The last subject taken from it was the one already alluded to, viz., the new birth: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). During her short but fatal illness, I had not thought of the Bible, which she always used on the couch in her bedroom, and on which couch so many souls had been liberated in the early days of the class. Not until after she was placed in her coffin did I notice that her Bible was left open at the third chapter of John, whence she had given an address on the last Sabbath of her labour for the Lord.

There lay the Christian warrior of nearly threescore years and ten, silent in death; and the still small voice of God seemed to speak with redoubled force from that Word of life to those who entered the room of death, and who had heard but a few days before the voice of her who with loving words urged the dead in

sin to seek the forgiveness of their sins and thus to be born again of the Holy Spirit.

It is said to have been one of the most powerful addresses she ever gave, and will be long remembered by those who heard it. Little did she think when delivering it that within seven days she would be enjoying the full fruition of that new birth which for so many years she had enjoyed. May this be the lot and portion of the whole class!

The following is an extract from the pastor's sermon on the Sabbath morning after her death, August 8, 1875.

"Brethren, we cannot but sorrow this day, for the Lord has taken away a sister, a true servant of the Church, a consecrated woman, whom He honoured above many, and to whom He gave many crowns of rejoicing; and we cannot but sorrow all the more, because so loving a mother in Israel has fallen asleep, so useful a life has come to a close, and so earnest a voice is hushed in silence. I have this day lost from my side one of the most faithful fervent, and efficient of my helpers, and the Church has lost one of her most useful members."

In his address to the class in the afternoon of the same day he remarked:

"She was a worker who neither needed the pastor's praise to encourage her, nor his exhortation to enliven her. She needed the bit rather than the spur; for she went beyond her strength, and when ordered to rest she only went away and worked elsewhere. It is well to remember this, for it will make us see how long she lived. If we measure life by work rather than by years, she lived as long as the ancients before the flood."

This indeed was true of her, for it mattered not where she went for rest, there she was sure to be at the Lord's work before she had been in the place many hours, or at the most, many days.

Margate, Hastings, Offham (Kent), Wolverhampton, Limpsfield, and many other country places, besides all parts of London and its suburbs, had resounded with her utterances in her Lord and Master's service.

She also often visited young ladies' private boarding-schools, and there proclaimed the good news of salvation, and was largely blessed in

this work. In fact her labours for the Lord were abundant, and never did she spend one idle moment; for, if not in active service, she was either studying God's Word or engaged in wrestling prayer for the souls of her perishing sisters.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. BARTLETT'S WORK AND ITS INFLUENCE GENERALLY.

AS already stated, my mother's class grew to such proportions as to require her undivided attention—not only on the Sabbath, but during the week. Every Tuesday night she met the class at the Tabernacle for prayer and exhortation, and every Friday night for prayer only. In addition to this, she had formal inquiry-meetings at her residence, and so completely was her time taken up with this class of visitors, that she was often obliged to close her house to all

others. In allusion to the blessed result of these inquiry-meetings, Mr. Spurgeon fitly designated her residence, "The house of mercy."

The most remarkable feature about the whole movement was, the spiritual success which attended it from the very first. Elderly Christians, who went out of mere curiosity, confessed the scene to be overpowering. A visitor describing the address he heard her deliver to her class, remarks: "It was experimental—a woman's vivid fancy, calling up scenes of spiritual conflict and cares, coloured with life and beauty. It was doctrinal—founded on the eternal verities of the great I Am. It was chiefly exhortative—recalling God's performances in bygone times of Christian experience, specifying the many sacred privileges of the present, painting bright pictures of coming joys, and communions to be realised in the far future. Better still, it was savoury—full of Jesus."

She was in the habit of commenting on the

hymns selected for singing. Many have traced their first convictions to those observations made prior to singing that beautiful confession of entire dependence on the Saviour—

> "Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Said one several years ago: "She has fired enthusiasts with godly earnestness; has co-operated in all holy duties; has entered into the performance of detail work with exquisite patience; and has studied the exigencies of the age, and if not produced, yet accelerated the production, of new forms of aggression. Like Phœbe, she has succoured the church; like Priscilla, conveyed accurate gospel knowledge to zealous, but only partially instructed, disciples; like Lydia, she has housed the itinerant ambassadors of the Lord; like Hannah, she has exalted the God of mercy in a jubilant carol, and has strengthened the feeble faith of less triumphant hearts; or, like Miriam, has added her martial chorus to another's pæan. She

hath done what she could, and her memory is fragrant in the assembly of the saints."

Writing of her in the *Sword and Trowel*, Mr. Leach observed: "A visitor would probably be struck with those peculiar characteristics of the Sabbath-afternoon service, which render the scene so impressive, if not touching. An earnest woman's address to her sex, whose spiritual good she sincerely seeks, cannot fail to produce some emotional feelings in the breasts of even those accustomed to scenes of excitement. . . It seemed to me that there was an undefined something in the prayer alone which robbed one of that calmness of mind so requisite in joining in public supplication, but filled the soul at the same time with holy exhilaration and devout expectation, which fully compensated for loss of calm. It was a simple, tender, earnest, powerful and prevailing address to a real present Father. If woman can thus approach the Lord in supplication, how much do we not lose, my male friends, by not occasionally hearing her voice?

"Peculiarly tender and eloquent were her appeals to the unconverted. Few could resist admiring the exuberant and passionate utterances of this Bible teacher; earnestness, coupled as it was with an unwavering faith in God's word, could not fail to bring down Heaven's blessing. If you ask me, What is the secret of this good woman's success? I reply, An implicit reliance upon God's promises, and a strong assurance that He will do all that she believingly asks of Him."

Some idea of the results which have followed my mother's mission may be realised from the fact that upwards of seven hundred of its members have joined the Metropolitan Tabernacle church, during the past eight years. Then there are those who, either from convenience, or in the order of God's providence, join other churches; so that the aggregate results are truly glorious. A large number of the converts are distributed throughout the country: some are in foreign lands; many are engaged in mission

work—either adopting the same method as that followed out by their instructress, or going from house to house, ministering the Word of truth. As in other missions, it is noteworthy that the worst characters make the brightest saints. That great sinners exist among the "respectable" classes of womankind need not here be proved. Suffice it to say that, fortunately for society, deception hides crimes against God and humanity which no amount of plain-speaking will permit the preacher to faithfully describe. From among these disciples of iniquity, many have been brought with sorrowful confession to Jesus' feet; and, forgiven much, they love much.

In a class of so many women, it was to be expected that some remnants of female weakness, if not sin—the inordinate love of dress—should remain even after conversion. It may seriously be doubted whether our ministers are faithful enough in denouncing—not the habit of well or artistically dressing, but—that love of perpetually seeking after new forms of attire which, it is not

too much to affirm is a sad failing even with Christian women. There are those who sail into our places of worship every Sabbath morn with some new and, frequently, glaringly conspicuous article of dress; and even those whose circumscribed means will not permit them to indulge in every new fashionable whim, fall into the same bad habit of weekly changing—for the mere love of gaining attention—their personal adornments. Against these follies my mother made a crusade amongst her followers. She was determined that her example should not be the excuse for any of her class. And herein she set a most commendable example for imitation. Every evangelist who has laboured amongst the middle and lower classes of society will affirm that the love of dress is one of the strongest inducements to sin and one of the greatest hindrances to the reception of the gospel. Over the mouth of Gehenna may be seen, inscribed, I fear, by many a lost soul, the doleful warning words, "*For fashion hindered us.*"

There have been some most remarkable instances of the display of Almighty Grace in those who have belonged to this class. I will mention a few out of a number of others. On one occasion, after prayer, a feeling seemed to possess my mother that souls would be saved that afternoon. Six were converted.

On another afternoon, the speaker expressed her conviction that there was a sinner present, and she consequently appealed directly to her; the appeal was owned of God to the salvation of an adult who, indeed, was a sinner, and into whose heart the words of exhortation entered and lodged there to the praise and glory of God's grace.

A young girl who was a sad blasphemer is now a Bible woman, where it is hoped her better language may be abundantly blessed.

Six girls from one house of business dropped in one afternoon, their object being, it appears, to ridicule the whole proceedings. Four out of the six were converted: one is now a devoted missionary.

One belonging to the theatrical profession was induced to attend the class. The service did not approve itself to her taste. On her third visit, however, the Lord was pleased to trouble her soul, and her anguish of mind was exceedingly great. She felt she was condemned already, and she cried out in great distress, "Lost, lost, lost!" While my mother was engaged in prayer at her own house on behalf of this convicted sinner, the clouds of despair rolled away, and the bright beamings of Divine love possessed the distressed soul. She found peace on her knees. This same person persuaded her sister to go to the class; but the latter soon heard sufficient to convince her that a continued attendance upon the means of grace could not harmonise with her devotedness to the theatre and ballroom, and hence decided to give up the former that the latter might be more readily enjoyed. My mother saw this young woman one Sabbath afternoon about to enter through the chapel gates, and she thereupon prayed that God

would give her that soul before the afternoon had passed. He did so, for whilst the speaker was relating the case of a giddy girl who had died during the week while dancing, she was led to confess her sins, ask for pardon; and by believing on the Son of God this weary soul found rest.

Perhaps the following case is one of the most singular ever met with in the annals of startling conversions. An elderly person, who had listened to Mr. Spurgeon's voice for two years without being led to the Saviour, was entering the room when Mrs. Bartlett looked round and said, without intending the words for the late comer in question, "Flee from the wrath to come, my sisters; flee from the wrath to come." These words, so appropriately spoken, were the means of her conversion.

A girl fresh from the country, wandering by the Tabernacle one afternoon, went into the room just as Mrs. Bartlett was earnestly appeal ing to sinners. She was pathetically asking

them, "Can you perish, will you perish, my sisters?" and in doing so provoked the silent but effectual reply of the stranger, who was saved on the spot.

A very singular case once occurred, and may here be mentioned as displaying the discriminating grace of that God who "will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." A friend had recently introduced an anxious inquirer to Mrs. Bartlett at her house. It was for this seeking soul's especial benefit that Mrs. Bartlett was pointing out the way of salvation and the only method whereby Christ could be found. Whilst speaking of that simple trust in Christ which brings peace to the troubled soul, the young woman who had accompanied the inquirer exclaimed, "Is that all, Mrs. Bartlett? Only trusting Christ? Then I am saved;" and such was indeed the indisputable fact, for though the inquirer went away sorrowful for a time, the woman, who had not visited Mrs. Bartlett with any expectancy of salvation, obtained it to her surprise and joy. This

sacred labour of my mother was not excelled even by a minister's most earnest work.

The Rev. Dr. Bill, of Nova Scotia, who was recently on a prolonged visit to England, has returned home, and is regaling his countrymen with glowing accounts of all he saw and heard of English Baptists. In the course of an interesting Sunday-evening lecture on "Mr. Spurgeon and his Work," which was very heartily received by the Canadians, Dr. Bill referred incidentally to the noble worker as "Mr. Spurgeon's best deacon." Dr. Bill remarked: "A large Bible-class, under the direction of an earnest lady—Mrs. Bartlett—has from 700 to 1,000 pupils under her charge. Her appeals to her scholars are characterised by the same soul-like purpose, no matter whether she sings a hymn, reads a psalm, or offers up a prayer." She expressed to the lecturer, in answer to an inquiry concerning her work, that she had a passion for soul-saving from the age of twelve years, and that during the connection with her

class she believed she had been instrumental in bringing over 2,000 young people to give an evidence of coming to Christ. Out of that number, 1,000 had joined Mr. Spurgeon's church.

One evidence of the practical piety which obtained among her class is seen in the fact that they annually contributed to the Pastors' College at least £200. Indeed, aside from her personal influence and remarkable gifts, there is probably no fact to which so much of my mother's unprecedented success is attributable, as that, while not wholly losing sight of other religious objects, she concentrated the sympathies, prayers, and energies of the class upon this one—the one which has so strong a hold upon the heart of the pastor. Well might he regard her as his right-hand supporter in Christian labour, and never think of her without deepest gratitude to God for raising him up so zealous a co-worker; and well may he look upon this class, as he says

he does, "with the enthusiasm of a gardener, seeing in it one of the most promising *parterres* of flowers, many of which are to be transplanted to flourish in the garden of the Lord."

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DEAR MRS. BARTLETT.

Yes, she is gone, our loved one gone;
And we who loved her weep and mourn,
Because the painful hour has come,
That bids us say farewell to one
We held within our hearts so dear,
That parting is a trial severe.
But shall we linger at the tomb?
Or shall we look from out the gloom?—
The conflict 's o'er, the race is run,
The battle's fought, the victory's won.
And then, how tender was the tone
That gently called our loved one home!
Yes, home! her day's work being done,
She heard the Master's voice, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful of the Lord;
Come, and receive thy great reward."
She bids farewell to earth and care,
And soars to breathe celestial air,
Mingling in worship so Divine,
That finite minds can ne'er define:
The eye of faith can better see
The glories of eternity—
The mansion and the robe of white,

The harp of gold, the crown of life.
The day has dawned, the night is o'er,
And she has reached yon golden shore,
To cast her crown at Jesus' feet
And dear ones, loved on earth, to gree t.
But fairer far than all beside,
Is Jesus at the Father's side.
Methinks by faith I see her now
In lowly adoration bow,
O'erwhelmed with joy that she should be
Permitted her dear Lord to see—
Not through a glass, but with Him ever
Where nothing from His love can sever,
And there with rapturous joy she waits
And watches through the pearly gates;
She knows from her dear class they'll come,
When their day's work like hers, is done.
Then mourn we still? can we repine?
No; willingly our hearts resign
Our dear one, so supremely blest,
Entered into that perfect rest
Of which she loved to speak and sing,
When her glad soul was on the wing.
But now, released from earthly clay,
Her strains swell through yon azure way,
In louder tones more sweet, more clear,
Than when she sang with us down here.
And yet the song is just the same:
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Redeeming grace and dying love
Is still the theme of saints above;
And we who linger here, ere long
Will join our loved one in the song.
We're listening for the voice Divine
That bids our spirit soar to thine;
Then we'll again together tell
Of Him who hath done all things well.

R. WEARE.

August 2, 1875.

P.S.—The above lines were composed by one of the oldest members of the class, and one of the most earnest workers in it.

UNWIN BROTHERS THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

A monument in polished Aberdeen granite (by D. C. Preston, of Nunhead Cemetery) has been erected over her grave by her sorrowing class, pastors, elders, deacons, and students of the College, with the following inscription upon it:

In
Affectionate
Memory of

LAVINIA STRICKLAND
BARTLETT,

WHO DEPARTED
TO HER BLISSFUL HOME
AUGUST 2ND, 1875.
IN HER 69TH YEAR.
THE PASTORS, DEACONS, AND
ELDERS OF THE CHURCH
IN THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
UNITE WITH HER CLASS AND THE
STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE
IN ERECTING THIS MEMORIAL
TO HER SURPASSING WORTH.

SHE WAS INDEED
"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL."
OFTEN DID SHE SAY,
"KEEP NEAR THE CROSS,
MY SISTER."

"SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."—HEB. XI. 4.

P S—A very beautiful photograph of the monument may be had of Mr. E. H. Bartlett, 56, New Street, Kennington Park Road, or Mr. D. C. Preston, Monumental Works, Nunhead Cemetery, S.E., for one shilling, or through the post, for thirteen stamps. Size 10in. by 8in.